

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 978.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 4th, 1895.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

1895

PUCK

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25
CENTS



CHRISTMAS



ADVANTAGES: Noiseless—wears like leather—clings to the pedals—nonconductor of heat or cold—soft and easy to the feet. The only shoe that has flexibility exactly where it is wanted, viz: on the ball of the foot. Fits perfectly. THE SOLE IS WATERPROOF. It's a "Clinger" because it's "felt."

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Fine Felt

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.

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TRADE MARK
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SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells —
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TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE,
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EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

For Over Half a Century

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When brought in contact with Grease converts it into a Soap, which, being sponged out, leaves the goods like new. It never leaves a ring on clothing after removing spots like Benzine, Alcohol, Ammonia, Ether, etc. It is splendid for Cleaning Kid Gloves, it cleans them on the hand without taking them off, and leaves them Soft, Dry, and Pliable.

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Sample box sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cts. Large size, 25 cts. For sale by all druggists.

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COLLARS & CUFFS
THE BEST MADE DO YOU WEAR THEM ???
CLUETT, COON & CO. TROY, N.Y.
LAROVA

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WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

The Brunswick
DOWNTOWN DEPOT
SURBURG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

The Leading Havana Cigar

OF THE UNITED STATES.
Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send \$1 for sample box of 10 to **JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers,** 108th St. and 3d Ave., N. Y. City. Send money by registered mail.

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To cut a hair—

first prepare the hair—

It's easier to cut new cheese than old—soft wood cuts easier than hickory—and a "prepared" hair than one dry—harsh—and wiry.



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For over 50 years it has been recognized by Hairdressers and those who are Self-Shavers, as the very best. The lather penetrates each particular hair—softens it *from within* and *from without*—so that it offers the least possible resistance to the razor—and

makes Shaving easy.

Used to-day in nearly all leading shaving saloons in

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As **A NURSERY SOAP**—it is so mild (not an atom of free alkali) that many of the most eminent physicians prescribe it for infants and young children—especially when any disorder has caused sores—rash—or any irritation of the skin. For a 2-cent stamp we mail a sample of this Soap to any address.



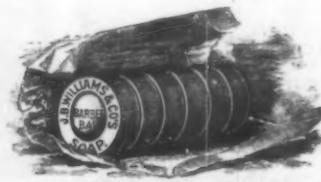
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Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world. Millions using it.



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Strong, metal-lined case. For Tourists' and Travelers' use. Don't fail to ask for WILLIAMS'—and take no other.



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This is the kind your barber should use. It is also most excellent for Toilet use. Tons of it sold yearly to families. 6 cakes in a package—40c. A sample for Toilet use sent anywhere for a 2c. stamp.

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You drop one in a teacupful (5 ounces) of boiling water, stir thoroughly; it will quickly dissolve, and you then have a delicious and wholesome drink of **BEEF TEA**.

Large boxes, (holding 12 Capsules) 50 cents each.
Small " 6 " 25 " "


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Natural Champagne

THE LATE EMPEROR
FREDERICK OF GERMANY.
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PRESENTS**

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Insist on seeing the stamp; none genuine
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No chimney used. Portable and hand-
some. **Seeing is Believing.**

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Popular Cocktails

WHISKEY
MANHATTAN
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TOM GIN
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination,
Quality, Purity and Brill-
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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STROSITIES ARE
the fellows who are
really born great.

PITY is "akin" to
love when the girl
agrees to be a sister.

LAUTIER Fils
OLIVE OIL.
GEORGE LUDERS & CO., S. Y. Wholesale Agents.

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DUMB MAN.—
Coming around to the
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SECOND DEAF-
AND-DUMB MAN.—
Yes; I expect to take
a hand in a debate.



AT YOUNG'S, BOSTON.

"At my hotels the call is for 'Londonderry'; and I believe the consumption of this water to be greater than that of all other waters combined. I cannot say too much in its favor."

J. REED WHIPPLE,
Prop. Young's and Parker's.

Aids Digestion. Improves the Appetite. Clears the Throat.

Established 1849. Capital \$1,000,000. Patented 1871.

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CHEWING GUM.

Save the coupons in each Five-cent package. Adams & Sons are the originators of the now world-famed Chewing Gums. ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Christmas headaches promptly cured by
Bromo-Seltzer. Trial bottle 10c.

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INTERESTED STRANGER.—What is the trouble with the baby, sir?
PAPA.—Blest if I know, except that it does n't seem to be his lungs.

THEN AND NOW.
She called me "Darling" years ago,
And other names that lovers know,
And vowed with half-averted look
Such speeches would ne'er be forsook,—
In face of this, I now affirm,
She calls me down by any term!

"Shape up" from holiday drinking
With Bromo-Seltzer—10c. a bottle.


HIS FIRST CASE.
PATIENT.—Doctor, I am troubled with insomnia.
YOUNG DOCTOR.—Er—a—what are the symptoms?

FIRST-RATE.
COBBLE.—Have you got a good lawyer?
STONE.—No; but he's smart.



MAIL POUCH
TOBACCO
ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

Pure Harmless Satisfying



DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drum.
New scientific invention; different
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Drum in the world. Helps where
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It took over one hundred years to
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by Evans.



A poor wheel is like a poor horse—it costs more than it's worth to keep it. In the MONARCH the necessity of repair has been reduced to a minimum. Its strength, lightness and beauty make it a marvel of modern mechanical skill. The

MONARCH

is undoubtedly king of bicycles. A wheel that you can depend upon in any emergency. Made in 4 models. \$85 & \$100. Send for Monarch book. MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO., Lake and Halsted Sts., CHICAGO.

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BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

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THE TRAVELERS OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Original Accident Company of the Western Hemisphere. Larger than all others there together. Largest in the World.
Has never "reorganized" or frozen out its claimants.

Has Resources sufficient to pay at once the heaviest mass of claims that great railroad or steamboat accidents could bring upon it. Could pay in one day a volume of claims that would extinguish any other company **without paying the claims.**

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Rates as low as consistent with the Company's keeping alive to pay claims at all. Also,

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ISSUES

All Best Forms of Regular Life and Endowment Policies.

No other Life Policies as Liberal Cost as Little Money. No others as Cheap give as much for the Money.

ASSETS, \$17,664,000
SURPLUS, 2,472,000

Paid Policy-Holders, \$29,000,000. \$2,151,000 in 1894.

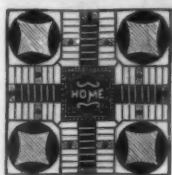
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For twenty years the answer has been

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A Christmas
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is continual healthfulness—
Book for nothing.

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GET RICH QUICKLY. Read the "100 Invention" Ward
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CONTRARY.

HAYS.—Wal, that old boss of Deacon Silsbee's is the most obstinest critter I ever saw.

MEDDERS.—Do tell!

HAYS.—Yes; I borrowed him yestiddy to go to the village; got in the wagon, an' jist
as soon as I said "Get up!" he lay down; and down he staid.

Holiday Headaches, Sick Stomach from imprudence in eating and drinking quickly corrected by Bromo - Seltzer.

Beecham's pills for consti-
pation 10c. and 25c. Get the
book at your druggist's and
go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for
a superb box of candy by ex-
press, prepaid, east of Denver
or west of New York. Suitable
for presents. Sample orders
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY PRESENTS
Freshest Purest Delicious!!!
Kuyler's BONBONS & CHOCOLATES
NOVELTIES IN FANCY BOXES AND BASKETS
ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.
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Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.



The Regal Shoe that Bliss Makes.

The Regal Toe, exten-
sion edge, Black Calf and
Russia Calf (as cut), Pa-
tent and Enamel, with
close edge.

100 Styles.

\$3.50



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Providence; 210 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore;
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Washington Sts., Chicago; 119 North Main St.,
Brookton.

Factory, Brookton, Mass.

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"Hunter Baltimore Rye"
Absolutely Pure Old Rye
Whiskey

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL
USE.

10
YEARS
OLD.

**THE
BEST
WHISKEY
IN
AMERICA**

Endorsed by Leading Physicians
when stimulant is prescribed.

"Drink
HUNTER RYE.
It is pure."

Pure, Old, Mellow.

First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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the world is tired of the cynic.

Shakespeare PLUG TOBACCO

Is made from the finest selected Kentucky Burley Leaf.
"Pennyroyal" or "Champagne" Flavor. We challenge the world
for quality; will send to any address, postage prepaid: One
Pound, \$1.00; Half Pound, 50c; Quarter Pound, 25c. FREE,
a valuable certificate with each pound box.

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And STEREOPICONES, all prices. Views illustrating
every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.
A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also,
Lanterns for Home Amusement. See our Catalogue, Free.
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CALIFORNIA WINES,
BRANDIES AND OLIVE OIL.
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS
SUPERIOR TO IMPORTED.

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OLDEST WINE GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA.
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Sure relief
Price 25c. per box.
KIDDER'S PASTILLES, by mail, Stowell & Co.,
Charlestown, Mass.

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'96 MODELS.

The Finest that ex-
perience can produce;
that money can pur-
chase.

Are You Unnerved?

Has society or
business wearied
and weakened
you? The nour-
ishing food drink,



ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

will give you new life, restore the faltering
circulation, quicken the lagging organs and
build healthy flesh at the rate of two to five
pounds for every bottle used. It is full of the
nourishment needed by nursing mothers.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

FINAL TRIUMPH—The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to
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and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.



SMOOTH RUNNING FOR ONCE.

LORD BARRENLANDS.—You see it was this way:
she was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in
America, with a ten-million-dollar dowry. Things looked
bright for the count; but when I appeared upon the scene
with my title and my ancestry, she jilted the newly-made
nobleman, and we were married.

LORD BLESUGH (ecstatically).—How romantic!

SOME MEN are so particular that they need a whole kit of tools just to
make a mistake.

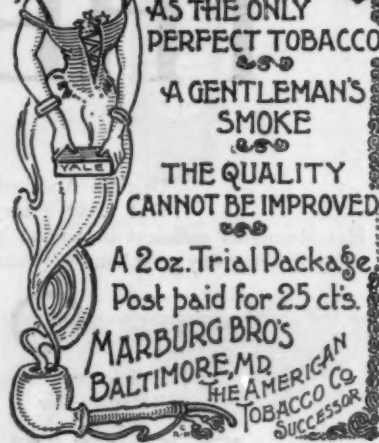
WHEN A woman will it's not necessarily because she's willing,
more often it is because some one else is n't.

JOE HARDUP.—What's yer readin', Tom?
TOM TATTERS.—Jes' something easy. "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow."

Natural domestic Champagnes are now very popular. A
fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

No Christmas and New Year's table should be with-
out a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned
appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

YALE MIXTURE



ACCEPTED
AS THE ONLY
PERFECT TOBACCO

A GENTLEMAN'S
SMOKE

THE QUALITY
CANNOT BE IMPROVED

A 2oz. Trial Package.
Post paid for 25 cts.

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This is the Finest
Champagne produced
in America, and com-
pares favorably with
European Vintages.

A Natural Genu-
ine Champagne,
fermented in the
bottle, two years
being required
to perfect the
wine.

Our Sweet
and Dry Ca-
tawba and Port
are, like all our
Wines, made
from Selected
grapes, and
are Pure
Wines.

For prices,
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D. BAUDER, Secretary.



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The last objection to bicycle riding for woman and man is
removed by the use of

MESINGER BICYCLE SADDLES

It prevents as well as cures any injury. Take no risks, get one,
and give one as a Xmas present to each of your friends who rides.
The Base of this Saddle is woven rattan, to prevent sagging,
then a covering of 3/4-inch felt to make it soft, then over all a
covering of 3/4-inch leather to make it durable. A long-shaped
aperture cut through both felt and leather to remove all injurious
pressure, which every intelligent bicycle rider will appreciate,
and all physicians have inveighed against short and narrow tread.

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Free Catalogue Xmas Goods in Immense Variety for
Boys, Girls, Men, and Women.

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MAJESTIC BICYCLES.



Ask a rider of '95 Remington
why our '96 Catalogue,
shortly to be issued, will
interest you. This handsomely
illustrated book, describing New
Models, contains a variety of valu-
able information, interestingly nar-
rated. Sent free on request.

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THE STANDARD PIANOS OF THE WORLD!

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Do You Eat?

Of course—but does your food give you strength—and then
An Appetite?

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

will make your food yield to the tired body all its nourishment and appetite will wait on good digestion. "Oh, there's substance to it—it's life-giving, vivifying—it gives vim and bounce. It braces—this beneficent Extract of Malt and Hops—

The "Best" Tonic

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PABST MILWAUKEE

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO.

NEATH CHILL DECEMBER'S BLAST,
SWEET SUMMER BLOOMS AGAIN IN

THE MATCHLESS PERFUME
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
FOR HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET, AND BATH.

AN IDEAL
CHRISTMAS GIFT.

EXCURSION TO EGYPT
AND HOLY LAND, \$800.
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50,000 Sold
in one year

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(LOADED)

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For Xmas

Five times smaller than any Camera made.
Pictures 3 times larger in proportion to size.

A perfect, practical Camera.
Boy or girl can use it.
Twenty-five pictures, one loading.
Size, 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches; weight, four ounces.
Only camera which goes in the pocket conveniently.

Send for...
Free Photographs

showing sample of work, and book, "All About the Kombi." The Kombi is sold by dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid (loaded for 25 pictures) on receipt of price, \$3.00. We do developing and printing of all kinds.

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132-134 LAKE STREET CHICAGO.

Erie Bicycles
Have Won Popularity.
Erie Bicycles
Scientific Model.
Erie Bicycles \$75
Absolutely Guaranteed.
Erie Bicycles
Send for Catalogue.
QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

WINTER HARDSHIP.

FIRST TRAMP.—I tell yer, this heavy snow is hard on fellers like us.
SECOND TRAMP.—You bet it is. Whenever yer ask for help they offers yer a shovel.

IN
WINTER
PREPARE
FOR
SUMMER TOURS

MAKE IT THE **YELLOWSTONE PARK**
FOR 1896.

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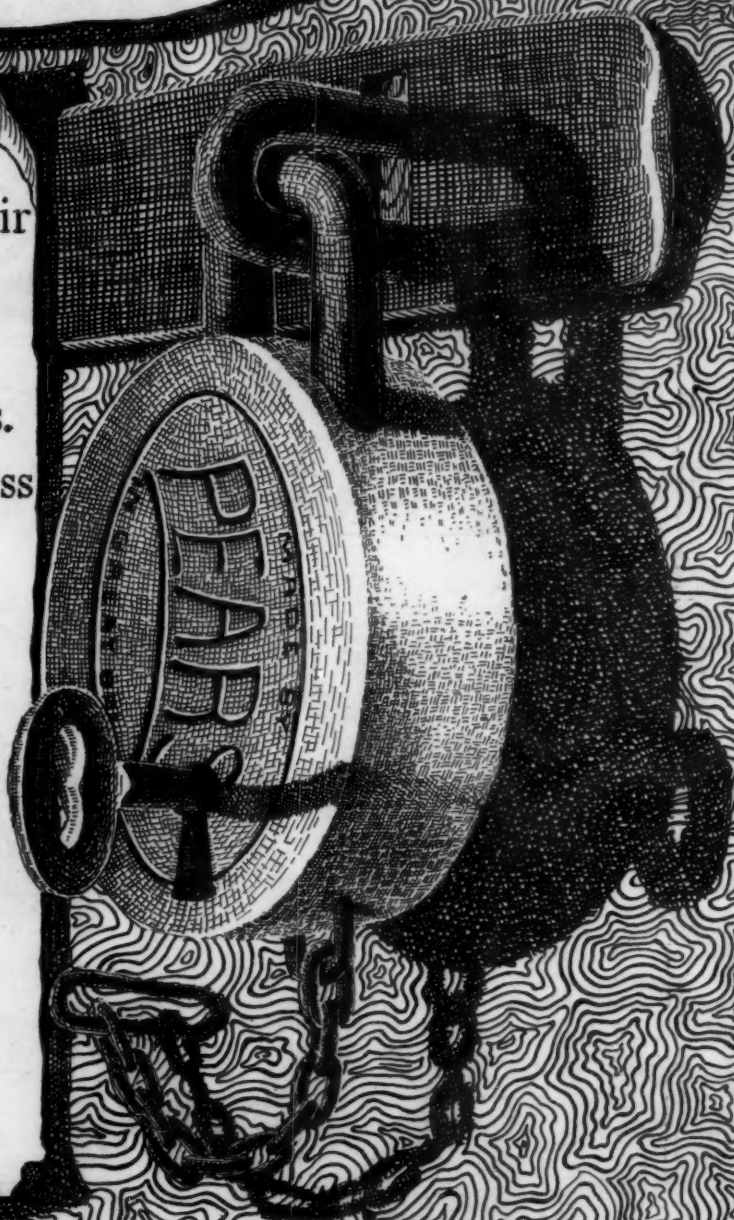
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against paints,
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other cosmetics.
Perfect cleanliness
by means of a
pure soap
(Pears' Soap)
is the best
way to keep
the skin soft
and beautiful.
There's no
cosmetic like
health.





The Contest.

"THE PEN is mightier far than the bow,"
Said Richard, the clerk, one day;
And Dickon, the archer, pulled his moustache
In a rough, irascible way.

"Mightier, far, for a musty scroll,"
Quoth Dickon, "all men may know;
But for winning a fray or the heart of a maid,
Give me goosefeather and bow!"

"A proof!" cried they both; and said Richard then,
"This shall our contest be:
Whichever wins to Maid Marian's bower,
His be the victory."

Richard, with horn and brush and quill,
A beautiful missive wrought,
And with letters of scarlet and gold made bright
Each tender, poetic thought.

He bound it fast with a silken string
To the stem of a rose in bloom,
And tossed it deftly, at evenfall,
Into Maid Marian's room.

She shrank alarmed from this strange white bird
Which flew with the waning light;
When sudden she heard the twang of a bow
And an arrow's singing flight.

Into the room, at her very feet
It sank most skilfully,
And, tied to the gray goosefeather shaft,
Was a cluster of fleur-de-lys.

Startled, out of her bower she peeped,
Then gazing and fixed she stood,
Watching the blue-eyed archer there
By the edge of the dim greenwood.

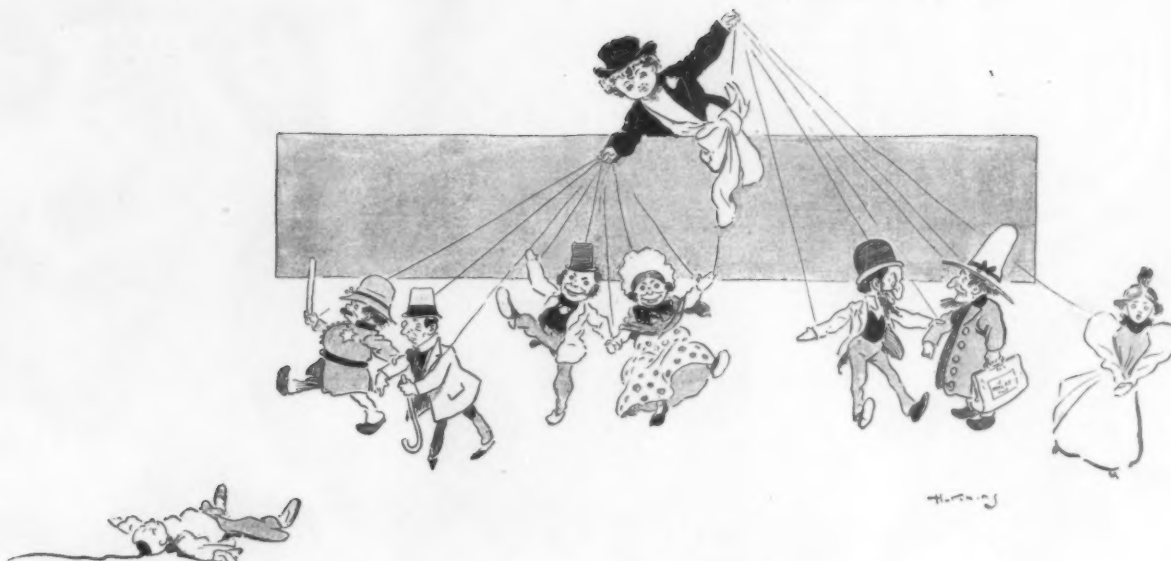
Close to her heart Maid Marian
Pressed arrow and lily-weed.
The letter lay at her feet forgot:
Maid Marian could not read!

MORAL.

*The pen is a mightier thing, no doubt,
Than even a bow of yew;
But 't is weightier far to understand
The woman you seek to woo!*

Florence E. Pratt.





HIS TASK.

POWERS.—Jones obtained that position as literary critic of the *Hustler*.
BOWERS.—Has to read a great deal, I suppose?
POWERS.—They're not particular what he reads, but he's expected to criticise ten new books every week.

THE CAUSE OF HIS TROUBLE.

SMITH.—What is the matter with Jones? He seems to have contracted a habit of stammering lately.
BROWN.—Yes; he's been trying to propose to a girl for the last three weeks.

SOON LEARN BETTER.

Though man wants little here below,
The small boys, you can bet,
At Christmas feel they're full of woe
However much they get.



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AS USUAL.

"Is Lady de Vere entertaining this year?"
"Not very."

DELIBERATION.

ADA.—Blanche says he proposed to her, but she told him she must have time to consider.
IDA.—What does she want to consider?
ADA.—Her chances of getting some one else.

SMALL.

HERDSO.—I see Closefist is advertising for a girl to work in a small family.
SAIDSO.—Well, you could go a long way without coming across one as small as they are.

UNDER THE WEATHER.

PAPA.—Tommy is n't well to-day, is he?
MAMA.—What makes you think he is n't?
PAPA.—He is n't eating cake enough to make him sick.

AN INFERENCE.

MRS. BROWN.—Do you know, I'm inclined to think Mrs. Jones pays very little attention to her housekeeping?
MRS. SMITH.—Indeed?
MRS. BROWN.—She never complains of her servants; so I'm sure she can't know what's going on.

IT USUALLY DOES.

CUSTOMER.—Do you think your new hair dye will deceive any one?
DRUGGIST.—Certainly. If it did n't deceive people they would n't buy it.

A CYNIC is a man who has discovered neither the world's greatness nor his own littleness.



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TOO STALE.

TOMBROWN.—Have you read "A Superfluous Woman?"
BILLSMITH.—No; these stale mother-in-law jokes make me tired.

THE MOUSTACHE CUP.



THE MOUSTACHE CUP, like the cuspidor, is purely an American institution. The effete monarchies of Europe know it not. It is with regret I must also add that many of our best people in the larger cities, in their wild desire to ape foreign modes and manners, have broken away from the traditions of their country and have denied themselves the pleasure of owning either.

But in the rural districts, where the good old, primitive plan of eating pie with a knife still obtains, the moustache cup flourisheth in all its pristine splendor. There the poorest family, so poor, perhaps, that they deny themselves the pleasure of owning less than seven dogs,—has it shining in all its glory on the whatnot, made of five hundred

empty spoons, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

To those who have never known what it is to own or even see one of these cherished objects of *vertu*, and, alas! such is the stilted state of so-called modern refinement, these are many, the moustache cup can be briefly described as a coffee cup of ornate design, with a simple china attachment across the top which resembles a miniature tea-tray. This is designed to keep the hirsute adornment of the user from mingling with its contents, and makes the moustache cup useful as well as ornamental.

The moustache cup is always the largest size allowed by law, and is invariably lavishly decorated, either with elaborate scroll work, or else a design of large moss roses. The moustache cup is always inscribed with some motto in old English text, such as: "A PRESENT," "REMEMBER ME," "IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME," "FATHER," "BROTHER," or "UNCLE."

As, upon reaching manhood, the Roman youth was invested with the toga, so here, in many sections of this happy land, the presentation of a moustache cup has the same significance. The happy recipient celebrates the occasion of its bestowal, which is usually his twenty-first birthday, by taking it up to his room and crying out at a late hour that there is a man in the house—meaning himself. This happy thought is repeated at all the sewing societies in the neighborhood for months afterward. The new owner of a moustache cup always deems it his duty to further celebrate the occasion by joining the local volunteer fire department, or the Junior Order of American Mechanics. He may openly chew tobacco and vote at the primaries.

The moustache cup is always a prized article in the provincial boarding-house. It is owned by the landlady, but used by the star boarder, generally the conductor who runs the fast freight from Jonesboro to Cranberry Junction. He is supposed to be in the confidence of the president of the road, and could be division superintendent if he chose. But he prefers to stay where he is, as the only man on the line who can get the beef train through without re-icing. Such, at least, was the case in one instance I remember, but it may have been that the moustache cup threw a glamor around his personality which blinded us to his faults.

I shall never forget the first time I was permitted to look at a moustache cup that had belonged to my great uncle, a man whose moustache measured fifteen inches from tip to tip, but whose character in all other respects was blameless. How I longed to be the proud owner of a moustache cup, with "Forget Me Not" on it in big, gilt letters, a moustache cup that would be placed on the parlor mantel beside the wax cherries, and beneath the pictures of "Wide-Awake" and "Fast Asleep" long after I was gone!



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AN UNDERSIGHT AT LONESOMEHURST.

MR. SUBBUBS.—Will you hold my packages, dear?

MRS. SUBBUBS.—What's the matter now?

MR. SUBBUBS.—I've got on my Sunday clothes, and I forgot to roll up my trousers.

Whether this longing was simply for the cup itself, or for the moustache that would necessitate its use, I can not now remember. But, so far as the cup is concerned, at least, it is a desire that is still unsatisfied. The women folks at our house object to moustache cups with that peculiar feminine argument which urges against anything of no use to them.

Perhaps some day when the craze for Kensington Art Stitch and Willow-ware delf dies down, I may be permitted to buy a moustache cup and place it on the parlor mantel, where it will be cherished for my sake long after I am gone, like Uncle William's.

Roy L. McCardell.



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EASILY ARRANGED.

MISS SNOWBALL.—I don't 'tink I will go deown ag'in, Mr. Jacksing.

MR. JACKSON (of the Darktown Toboggan Club).—Did it take yo' bref away?

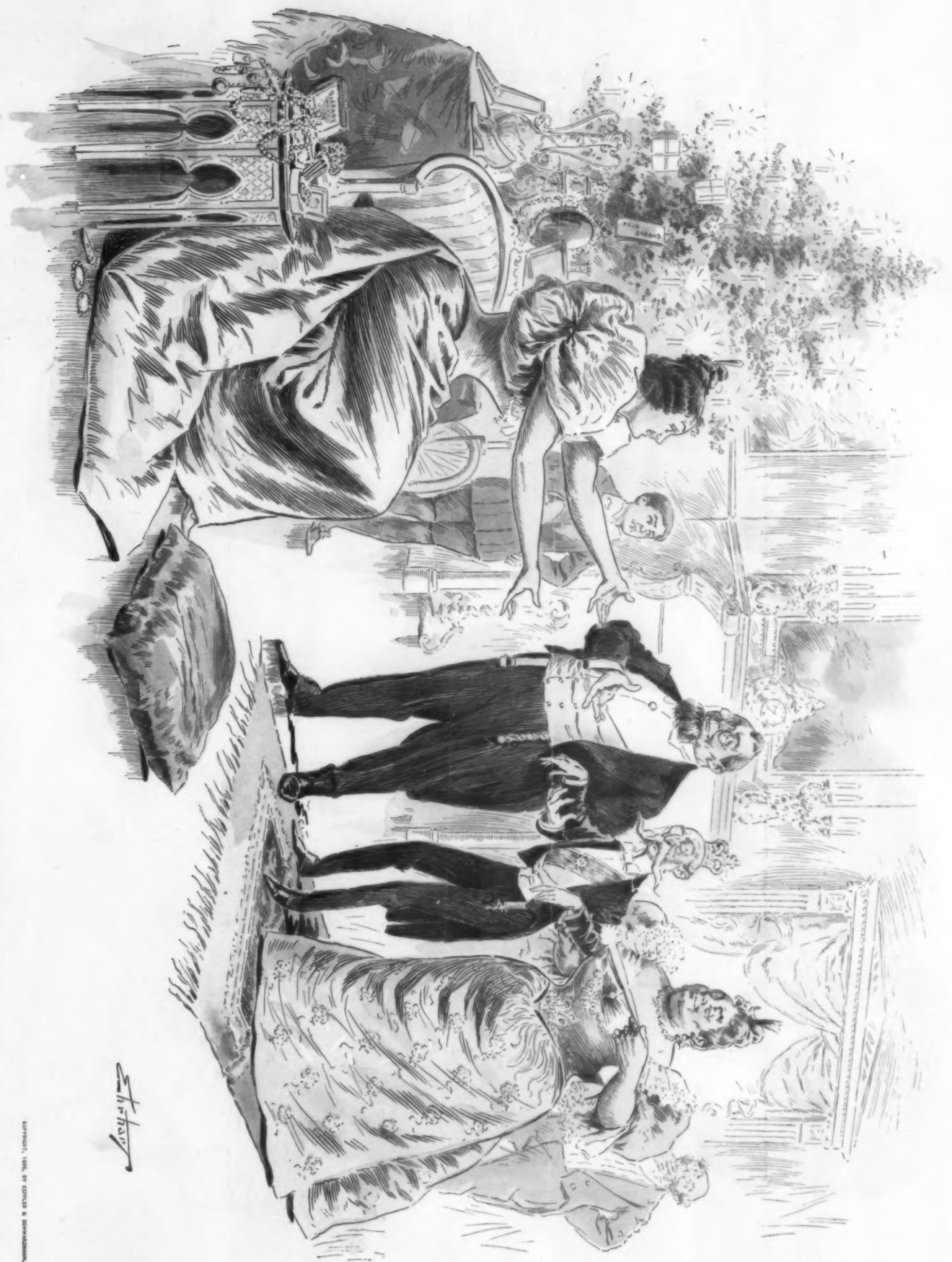
MISS SNOWBALL.—No; my eyes am berry weak, an' goin' so rapidly troo de air hurts 'em.

MR. JACKSON.—Yo' get in, an I'll fix yo'.



MR. JACKSON (as the toboggan nears the bottom).—I bet yo' did n't git no wind in yo' eyes dat time, Miss Snowball.

MR. AND MRS. GOTROX PRESENT THEIR DAUGHTER WITH A COSTLY IMPORTED CHRISTMAS GIFT.



THE HAWTHORN SPRAY.*

BY H. C. BUNNER

(A Pantomime in Four Acts.)

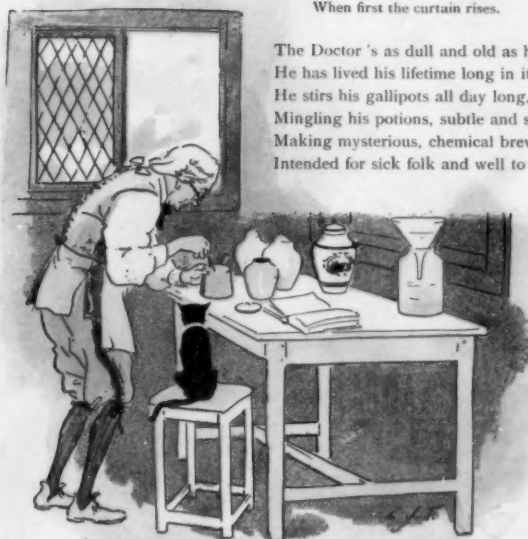
PERSONAGES.

Pierrot, Pierrette,
The Doctor, Pierrette's Mother.
The Notary,
The Doctor's Valet.
Villagers, Musicians, Children, etc.

ACT I.

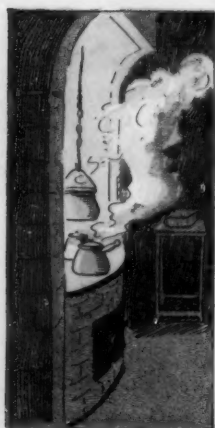
Scene — THE DOCTOR'S LABORATORY.

When first the curtain rises,
'T is on a fresh Spring day;
Spring wherever the flowers are,
Spring wherever the showers are,
Spring even in the gloom
Of the Doctor's great brown room —
For through the window a Hawthorn Spray
Will have it, will have it, the world's all May:
The month of green surprises,
When first the curtain rises.



The Doctor's as dull and old as his room,
He has lived his lifetime long in its gloom;
He stirs his gallipots all day long,
Mingling his potions, subtle and strong,
Making mysterious, chemical brews,
Intended for sick folk and well to use —

To cure your headache, to make your love love you,
And to help you along to the land that's above you.
Yet up to the skies his dull old eyes
Never even in Spring-time rise;
And even to-day the Hawthorn Spray
Might just as well be a mile away
As slipping its whiteness his window through
To tell the Doctor the sky is blue,
For he stirs his pipkin, he reads his book,
And gives the Hawthorn never a look.



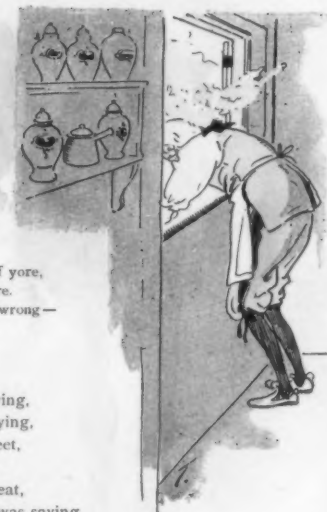
Yet something stirs in his soul to-day:
Though he know it not, it's the voice of May.
Something stirs that ought to have stirred
In youth at a girl's low-whispered word;
Something he feels that he should have felt
In the Springs of youth when young hearts melt.

Something stirs — and Spring knows what —
For the Doctor has wasted a gallipot.
It bubbles and fizzes and boils right over,
With a smell that is n't the smell of clover;
And the Doctor throws it away and goes
To the casement there where the Hawthorn blows,
And why I can't tell, but he catches its smell,
And down in the Hawthorn he sticks his old nose.

I.

Oh, could we know the message of the May,
Or that his messenger fore'er might stay!
Too late we wake and know the word he brings,
Lonely awake while all the wide world sings.

Sings, sings the song we should have sung of yore,
Sings of the love we should have loved before.
Oh, May! Forgive us who have done thee wrong —
But May forgives not who forgets his song.



Out in the street the pipers are playing,
Out in the street the folks are a-Maying,
Out in the street are feet that are fleet,
Out in the street all life goes sweet,
And the Doctor hears the music's beat,
And knows at last what the Spring was saying.

In comes the Doctor's old Valet,
Older than he, and bent and gray,
His face lit up with uncouth delight,
Bearing a box of card-board white,
And with nod and smirk and snicker and grin,
He shows the Doctor what lies therein;
But his pleasure changes to dire dismay
As the Doctor wearily turns away;
He will not have it, he cares no whit, —
He waves it away, he'll have none of it.
The Valet points out its beauty rare,
With eager fingers waving in air,
But little enough does the Doctor care.
And about his business the old man goes,
And a single wistful look he throws
At the mixture spilt and the fire half dead,
And he wonders what's turned his master's head.
Oh, Hawthorn Spray! Oh, Hawthorn Spray!
What for your magic have you to say
If you turn old heads in this wonderful way?
And the Hawthorn silently breathed: "It's May."



And from outside in the street there comes
The sound of tabors and fifes and drums,
Playing an old-time tune that goes
Straight to the heart and straight to the toes.



PUCK.

II.

The tree is a-bloom and the air's perfume,
And all shall a-courting go,
With never a care if the girl be fair,
And she may not say him no.
For life is only a span,
And love comes once your way,
So take it, take it, take it,
Take it while you may.

If you go for a kiss and your mark you miss,
Another you'll find near by,
And which is her beau no girl may know,
But all may have leave to try.
For life is only a span,
And love comes once your way,
So take it, take it, take it,
Take it while you may.

The Doctor looks from his window and sees
From the white blossoms that toss in the breeze,
The revel of Spring going on without,
The whole world's in it, and he is out!
And sudden his heart beats wildly warm,
And he beckons out to a lithe young form.
The music fades and grows faint and slow,
Dies away, dies away—enter Pierrot.



III.

I'm Pierrot, I'm Pierrot, young and gay,
Ever young to love and play.

I am he who may not know
Frost of age or lasting woe;
He on whom dear love has smiled,
Him to make fore'er her child,
Him to make fore'er her child.
Though the whole world else grow cold,
I alone may not be old.

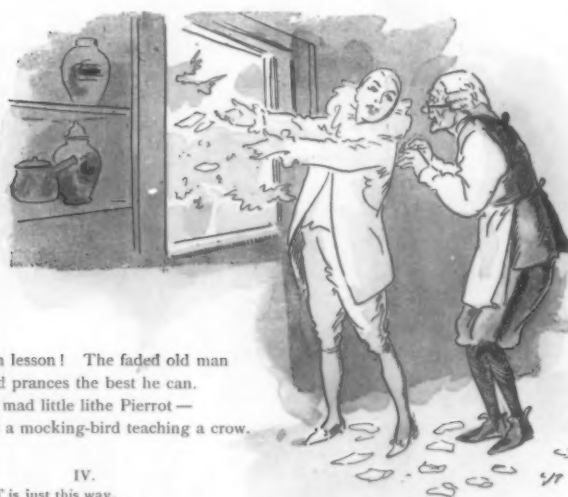
Though the whole world else grow cold,
I alone may not be old.

I'm Pierrot, I'm Pierrot, young and gay,
Ever young to love and play.

But on Pierrot's liteness, on Pierrot's grace,
The Doctor is turning a scowling face;
He turns to his safe and brings thereout
His leather-bound ledger, a volume stout,
And out from a drawer he draws a bill
As long as the road up the side of a hill.
Oh, poor Pierrot! Oh, poor Pierrot!
You must pay what you owe, you must pay what you owe!
Poor Pierrot, he sticks a rose
Under the Doctor's snuffy old nose,
But the Doctor's frown is stern and chill,
And there is the bill, and there is the bill!
His empty pockets the poor child shows,
But a man must pay or to prison he goes.
His days of pain he remembers well,
When his head ached harder than he could tell,
When he could not sleep, and in despair
He rushed out into the open air
And sought the Doctor and told his trouble,
And the Doctor made his gallipots bubble,
And mixed him a nauseous draught that went
Right to the place where it was sent,
And suddenly the agony vanished and, lo!
The world was all happy for poor Pierrot.
— But there was the Doctor standing there still,
Showing that hateful, impossible bill;
And then the Doctor right then and there
Began the terrible bill to tear
And stop. And the boy's glad look of delight
Faded once more to wonder and fright.
For a bill's a bill, and it must be paid,
And he saw 't was a bargain that had to be made.
A bargain? But what? What could Pierrot gay
Do in his frolicsome, frivolous way
For the aged Doctor he had to pay?



And now, and now, it's the Doctor's turn
To find that his leathery cheeks can burn;
He flushes and blushes and tries to show
The secret his dull heart scarce may know.
Poor old fellow! He wants to sing,
To dance, and to play in a kissing ring;
To be what he should have been long ago,
And at last it is clear to our gay Pierrot.
And gay Pierrot, why he laughs, you know,
With the little he's caught of it,
Laughs at the thought of it,
Laughs till his giddy brain almost whirls,
At the thought of the Doctor among the girls.
Laughs and laughs—and turns suddenly chill,
For there is the Doctor, and there is his bill!
Service for service—the bargain's struck—
The Doctor is going to be a buck,
And gay Pierrot is to lead him to luck.
The bill in a hundred shreds they tear,
And Pierrot flings it out on the air,
And the two strike hands and settle it there.



Oh, what a lesson! The faded old man
Capers and prances the best he can.
Aping our mad little lithe Pierrot—
It was like a mocking-bird teaching a crow.

IV.

'T is just this way,
If you would play,
And win a maiden's heart;
The way I know—
I do it so—
And 't is an easy art.
'T is but a trick that all may do,
And as I do it, so do you.
Oh, 't is a trick that all may do,
And as I do it, so do you.

The maid you meet
You bow to greet,
She casts a scornful eye;
You bow again,
And then, and then,
She does not pass you by.
She lingers for a nearer view,
And as I do it, so do you.

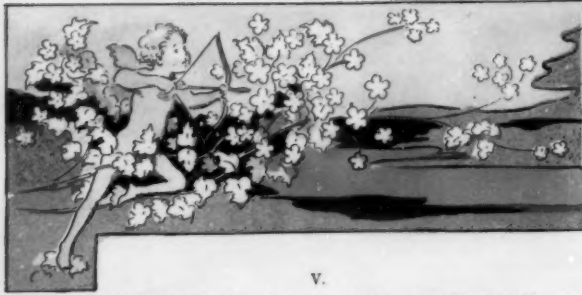
Catch her alone,
And all unknown,
And kiss her quick, like this;
She'll slap your cheek,
And you'll be meek,
You know you've got the kiss.
You'll say: "My dear, what could I do?"
And as I do it, so do you.

And she'll protest,
But on your breast,
Her rosy cheek she'll lay.
And you will swear
To keep it there
Forever and a day.
So take her for your lover true,
And as I do it, so do you.

And then we feel
'T is well to kneel
Before her parents' feet;
And the—the priest—
The wedding feast—
And life's forever sweet.
That's something I have not been through,
But as I'd do it—so do you!



PUCK.



V.

Oh, wicked Hawthorn Spray!
What art thou doing?
Leading old hearts astray —
Sending them wooing!
Telling to old eyes blind
What is bereft them —
Telling them love is kind
When love is left them.
For whatsoever you say,
Love comes at break of day —
When he has gone his way,
Where shall you find him?

Ah, wicked Hawthorn Spray!
If he go wooing,
Shall not the old man stray
To his undoing?
Shall he not vainly sue
Who too late sueth?
Shall he not vainly woo
Who too late wooeth?
Ah, me! Oh, Hawthorn Spray!
Love comes but once a day,
If he but fly away,
Where shall you find him?

Clumsily shuffling his aged feet,
The old man follows the song's quick beat,
Trying to learn every twist and turn
To mimic vivid, vivacious Pierrot,
And at sixty or so to learn how to go
In the way of a charming and confident beau.

And now for the fray; but stay, oh, stay!
These are shabby old clothes for a festival day.
Out comes the box of cardboard white,
And its beautiful contents are brought to sight,
Peach-blossom waistcoat and breeches of green,
And a pink dresscoat of satiny sheen.
Such gorgeous apparel was never yet seen,
And off goes the Doctor to don his new dress,
And Pierrot? He's laughing, I must confess.
And he kisses his hand to the Hawthorn Spray,
For the wonderful change it has wrought to-day —
A mocking and mischievous kiss he throws,
And down on the first act the curtain goes.

ACT II.

Scene, THE DOCTOR'S LABORATORY.

When next the curtain rises,
The day has grown an hour;
An hour of sudden changes,
For sweet May ever ranges
From shower to sunny light,
From gloom to greening bright,
And the coming and going of one little shower
Just tells us that May is more old by an hour —
Sweet May of sweet surprises,
When next the curtain rises.

Poor Pierrot, he has long to wait,
The Doctor lingers, the hour grows late;
The beautiful clothes take long to don,
And Pierrot is weary before they are on.
And just for a joke — for a Pierrot joke —
And, drawing the hood almost down to his chin,
He waits for a patient to happen in.

And in comes a ponderous dame who is yet
The mother of delicate, dainty Pierrette.
Her old eyes are slow, and she never would know
That she takes for the Doctor the wild Pierrot.
And poor Pierrot, being never in awe
Of even a possible mother-in-law,
Plays tricks on the lady with saw and knife,
And so teases the poor
Old soul that I'm sure
She never was so much teased in her life.
And he plays and he teases
As long as he pleases,
Till the Doctor comes in,
All bedizened and thin,
And like a fresh bloom in the old doorway set,
Peeps in the fair form of sweet, sweet Pierrette.



VI.

Oh, pretty world, what hast thou for me?
Oh, pretty world, what hast thou for me?
Give me, I pray, that men adore me,
And, sweet world, I ask no more.
Given youth, and given beauty,
All the rest shall be my duty,
Many a maid hath done before.

Oh, pretty world, fair and kindly,
Oh, pretty world, fair and kindly,
Give me that men love me blindly;
And the rest be mine to do.
Whate'er else is sweet and pleasant,
That shall be a lover's present,
When my lovers come to woo.

The Doctor looks at Pierrette, and lo!
His dull old eyes are beginning to glow,
For fair Pierrette has never met
A rival beauty to match her yet.

But she — she turns with her Spring-time grace,
In quick disgust from the grim old place,
Where skeletons dangle, hung up with wire,
And gallipots steam and reek on the fire.
Out she flies to the street and the fun —
Like May running back to the breeze and the sun.
Oh, poor Pierrot, poor Pierrot —
For he loves her with heart and with soul, you know.



VII.

Love, poor love, it groweth cold,
At the touch of cruel gold.
Hunger and chill
May not do it ill,
But it dies at the touch of gold.

Love that can all heaven unfold,
Should for naught on earth grow cold;
Gold may not buy it,
But if it come nigh it,
True love's knell is the clink of gold.

Pierrette is gone, but the Doctor's eyes
Gaze after her with a new surprise,
For something he never has known before,
Something unnamed in chemical lore,
Stirs him pulse and heart and brain,
As if youth had come to his soul again.

Oh! poor Pierrot, poor Pierrot,
With empty pockets and heart aglow,
And the love, the love of his whole heart set
On beautiful, dainty, dear Pierrette!
And the Doctor has seen her, and none but she
Will the Doctor have for his bride to be.
Oh, Pierrot, with the empty pocket,
Oh, Pierrot, with her hair in his locket!
Oh, Pierrot, you've a hard way to go,
And the bargain, the bargain is made, you know.

Made it is, and as best he can
Pierrot struggles to act like a man,
And presents the Doctor with bow and smile
To Pierrette's mother, who sobs the while,
Her mind quite full of her aching tooth,
And with never a notion of love or youth.

And the Doctor tenderly studies the jaw
Of the lady he seeks for a mother-in-law.
And a possibly, probably mother-in-law
Is always an object of love and awe —
A love and an awe that don't always last
Long after the wedding day be past.
Surely no patient that ever was ill
Ever got more of the Doctor's skill.
One touch of a magical ointment, and, lo!
Gone in a moment is all her woe;
And she simpers and smiles all over her face
While the Doctor praises her daughter's grace.
And she thinks to herself that he may be old,
But that age never yet put rust on gold.

Back in the meanwhile Pierrette has come,
And near comes the sound of the pipe and the drum,
And they follow her out to join the route,
For down in the roadway the villagers shout.
Pierrot lingers a little while,
Pierrette comes back with her tempting smile,
Plucks a light twig from the Hawthorn Spray,
Tickles his cheek, and they hurry away —
And Pierrot is telling his heart to be gay!
And the curtain goes down on one-half of the play.

(Continued in our next.)



A GOOD JOB.

TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—My stars, what a tall man!
 ALKALI IKE.—Yep; that 's Judge Long; he 's six feet four in his stockin's.
 "Is he a native of this region?"
 "Nope; he was born in New England and came West and grew up with the country."



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THE OBSTACLE.

SMITH.—Jones is very much interested in art, is n't he?
 BROWN.—Yes; he intended, at one time, to become an artist, himself.
 SMITH.—Why did n't he?
 BROWN.—He had no relations he could live on.

ALL THE RAGE.

"Is Bookman a fashionable tailor?"
 "Yes; he gives six months' credit."
 be invaluable on a man-of-war in time of battle."
 "She is a very able person, sir, I know; but why in that particular and unusual place?"
 "She would be invincible in repelling boarders."

OF NAVAL INTEREST.

"Your cook, Mrs. Warmdover," said Peighsmall, as he rose from the table, "would

A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH.

MISS SOLIDMAN.—Oh, Ethel! do you think the Count is really sincere in his attentions to me?
 MISS SINNICK.—Why, how can you doubt it, Maud? The poor fellow is absolutely poverty-stricken.

HER PICTURE.

YOUR PICTURE is winsome and stately.
 Your picture is pretty, ah, me!
 Shall I call you my "My Lady," sedately,
 Or write to you hearty and free?

Shall I hint of our first blissful meeting,
 How I held your small hand, quite dismayed?
 Shall I send you gay verses in greeting,
 Like Dobson or Locker or Praed?

Shall I tell of our troth that is plighted?
 Shall I call you "my own dainty maid?"
 Or shall I confess I've been slighted,
 And speak of you as "a jade?"

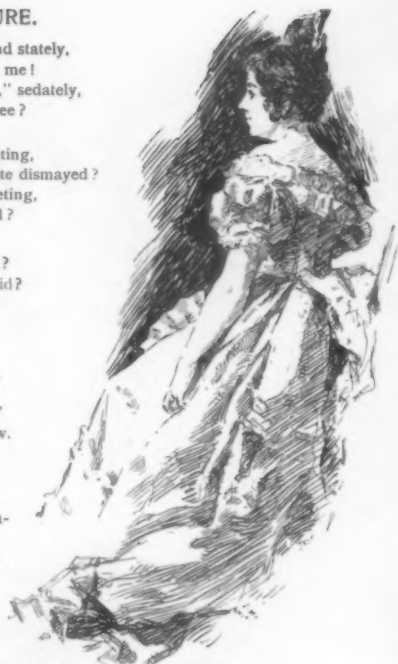
You've sent it and lines you've requested,
 And the writer knows not what to do—
 For I've married that girl you "detested"
 Since we last met—and you never knew.
 Roy L. McCardell.

AS SHE UNDERSTOOD IT.

ALICE.—What is Jack's occupation?
 LUCY.—He is a consulting engineer.
 ALICE.—I see. If he should get any business he would consult another engineer.

JAPANESE STORIES.

DONALD.—Mama, I saw a Japanese fairy story to-day, and the words ran up and down like figures in the arithmetic.
 MAMA.—That's the way the Japanese stories are always printed.
 DONALD.—And do you have to add them all up before you know what the story is about?



WHY GRANDMA COULD N'T DO TWO THINGS AT THE SAME TIME.

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I.



II.



III.



IV.

PUCK.



A HOLD-UP IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

SANTA CLAUS. — That 's queer! I see no stockings hung up.
BILL AND JAKE (of Indian Territory, suddenly appearing). — Say, you old guy, dat don't go out here! Just drop der whole pack!

A LIMITED ENGAGEMENT.



ASKED HER to be mine,
That Love might have his way;—
Nor thought she could decline;—
I said: "Forever and a day,
Be mine, in rain or shine!"

And when she answered "No,"
I bowed without a sound;
But, as I turned to go,
She said: "Just bring your cutter
'round,
And I'll be yours, in snow!"
Harry Romaine.

SHE WAS.

RAGGED HAGGARD (at the door).—If ye please, Lady—
MRS. MUGGS (sternly).—There, that will do! I am tired of this everlasting whine of "Lady! Lady!" I am just a plain woman, and—
RAGGED HAGGARD.—You are, Mad-dim—one of the plainest women I ever seen, an' one of the honestest to own up to it.

NOT UP TO THE MARK.

MANAGER.—She won't do in Wagnerian opera at all.

ASSISTANT.—No?

MANAGER.—No; I tried her with an orchestra of sixty-five, and they could drown her voice every time they tried.

UNWARRANTABLE INTERFERENCE.

JIMMY.—Here! You leave things what don't belong to you alone!
TOMMY.—What don't belong to me?
JIMMY.—That banana peel you're throwin' off the sidewalk. I put that there.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

JIMSON.—Before Miss Thinleigh's father made his fortune she used to be long and lanky.
WEED.—Well; has she changed?
JIMSON.—Oh, yes! Now she is divinely tall.

WOMAN'S WAY.

JASPAR.—Carson need n't try to convince me that he is a bad man.
JUMPUPPE.—Why not?
JASPAR.—His wife thinks him wicked. If he really were wicked, she would consider him an angel.

CRITICISM.

FRIEND.—Wait a minute—that won't do. You make your ghost vanish into thin air.
AUTHOR.—That, is the correct formula, is it not?
FRIEND.—But the scene is laid in London.

LIFE BEING a span, and all the world a stage, there ought not to be any difficulty in getting over the ground in some way.

OTHER PEOPLE don't think near as much about you as you wonder what they think about you.

ALL THE world's a continuous performance.



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A MERRY TIME FOR UNCLE BOB.

CHILDREN (to UNCLE BOB, who has spent Christmas Eve at the Owl Club's dinner).—Merry Christmas, Uncle Bob! Merry Christmas! Come out and we'll give you some of our candy and sugar plums!



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WELL VERSED.

MR. HUNTER (in derision).—Real "old blue!" Bah! who said it was?
MRS. HUNTER (indignantly).—Why, the man who sold it to me! and he ought to know far better than you. He had hundreds of pieces just like it.

THE JOB NOT COMPLETE.

"Snigleigh boasts that he is a self-made man."
"Does he? Then he must have gone out on strike before he finished the work."

WISHED TO DO THEM JUSTICE.

JACKSON.—I must learn to swear in French.
CURRIE.—Why?
JACKSON.—All my wife's millinery bills come home in French.

JEROME.—What has Strayoff been doing with his eyes to make them look so badly?
BASSETT.—Seeing the town.

BRACE.—I'm going to write a book on "How to Get Rich."
BAGLEY.—How can you make any money out of that?
BRACE.—Oh, I'll find some rich man to credit it to.

THE WORLD may owe us a living; but any miner can tell that the best way to get to earth's pockets is to dig.

AN OPEN-FACED WATCH—The Bulldog.





THE BILL POSTER'S MISTAKE—



AND ITS UNEXPECTED RESULT.

SATURDAY EVE.

(After Keats.)



THE BLIZZARD TIME — ah! bitter chill it was;
The cop for all his wrappings was a-cold.
Snow covered up the sign, "Keep Off the Grass!"
For all the parks were dreary as the wold.
But yearning, wistful Madelaine went out,
Tho' strong men feared to tempt the icy gale,
And strove with some five hundred women in the rout
Around the counters of Redstar's bargain sale.
Noting, "as advertised," with spirits all elate,
Three-dollar things marked down "2.98."

R. L. Mc.

ITS PRINCIPAL DANGER.

MISS RICKETTS.—Some scientists say that kissing is dangerous. Do you think so?

MISS KITTISH.—It is likely to produce palpitation of the heart.

FOILED AGAIN.

WOOD B. GUILLE.—The management has just raised my salary to five hundred dollars a month.

HERDSO.—Sorry old man; but I've had to borrow this week, myself.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

WILLIS.—I've got so I don't mind having a tooth pulled.

WALLACE.—Who has been shaving you?

SOON LEARN BETTER.

When young we always think it queer
That Christmas comes but once a year;
But when we pay for Santa Claus,
We see the force of Nature's laws.

J. J. O'Connell.

A BAD SIGN.

POWERS.—I thought of joining the Early Hours Club, but I'm afraid it's a slow concern.

BOWERS.—What makes you think so?

POWERS.—I know half-a-dozen of the members intimately, and I never heard any of their wives say a word against the club.

A CHANCE VICTIM.

MR. COLLIGAN (*excitedly*).—It's the unfortunate mon I am. I wor down at Casey's lasht noight, rafflin' fer a box av Chinese Havananas.

MRS. COLLIGAN (*contemptuously*).—An' losht, av coorse?

MR. COLLIGAN (*puffing grimly*).—Naw! I wor n't thot lucky—I won thim!

A GEM.

PARKER.—Yes; I picked up a number of curiosities when I was abroad. Look at that umbrella—I bought that in London.

BARKER.—I don't see anything curious about it.

PARKER.—There is, though. I did n't try to smuggle it.

AN EXPLANATION.

OWNER.—I see that you are advertising my place to rent "at a low figure to the right party." What do you mean by the "right party?"

AGENT.—The first party I can get to take it.



LOVE'S LITTLE STRATAGEM; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF WORTH OVER WEALTH.

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MISS GOLDBAGGS.—Oh, Mr. Brainly! I'm afraid it is no use! Papa won't let me marry you, unless you can think of some way to get on the right side of him!



MR. BRAINLY.—There's old Goldbags, just sitting down. I think I know how to bring him around;—it's worth trying, anyhow!



MR. BRAINLY.—Waiter, you see that old chap over there,—well, he's the man who started that movement for abolishing tips to waiters;—now 's your chance to spoil that new coat of his. If you break any dishes during the performance I'll pay for them!



THE WAITER (ten minutes later).—'Scuse me, sir,—accidents will happen, you know!



MR. BRAINLY.—Pardon me, Mr. Goldbags; but let me offer you my coat, to go home in. I'll call at your house this evening and get it, and bring yours with me. My office is only two doors from here, and I can step over there in my shirt sleeves!



MISS GOLDBAGGS (that evening).—Oh, George! how fortunate you were in that restaurant, to-day, when that horrid accident happened to Papa!—he has been telling us all about it, and he'll be so glad to see you,—everything is all right, and he has given his consent!

THE UNICORN.



THE UNICORN derives its name from the Latin—*unus*, one, and *cornu*, a horn—signifying that it was an animal that could take one horn and stop. It will be readily seen why the unicorn is generally regarded as fabulous. Still, there is reason to believe that it did exist. Aristotle refers to the unicorn as “a wild ass;” and another writer, called Ctesias—if you can manage to call him that—denounced him as “an Indian ass.” His scientific vituperation should not prejudice any fair-minded person against the unicorn. The opinion of

Ctesias, especially, loses much of the weight which it might otherwise have (with people who happen to know who he was) when we recall the fact that he was the author of the famous sentiment that “he knew when he had enough, and when he had, he always took four more.” Again, there is a suspicion that Ctesias was not his full name, but merely the nearest approach to it which he was able to communicate to an obliging stranger who was seeing him home from the club.

More could be said of the unicorn, but the only chance a scientist has with the general public is “to cut it short.” W. M.

WOULD N'T HAVE HAD IT THERE.

REV. MR. MILDLY (*anxiously*).—Why is it, Brother Balder, the young men of this place seem to prefer that vulgar burlesque show now running in the town hall, than to our fair and festival here?

DEACON BALDER (*who used to be young, himself*).—Well, I guess it's because they want to have a show fer their money, Parson.

HE MAY PROGRESS.

TILLINGHAST. — Young Breef tells me that he is an attorney now.

GILDERSLEEVE. — Wait until he begins to get some practice, and he won't talk that way.

“How will he talk, then?”
“He'll say he is a lawyer.”

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

HE. — I should think medicine would be a peculiarly difficult profession for a woman.

SHE. — Why?

HE. — In order to succeed, she would have to give up trying to look young.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

CLARA. — May has refused a man with half a million.

CARRIE. — Is it possible? I never thought she was so mercenary.

AN OPERA BOX.

IT is pleasant to own an opera box;
It shows that one is supplied with
“rocks;”
And it gives the papers a chance to say
To a waiting world the following day,

That the chorus was good, the
orchestra fair,
An excellent dancer, — the new
première;
The tenor a singer of very high
rank.
But the star of the evening was
rich Mrs. Blank.

On an off-night, or at a matinée,
If to go one's self is n't quite *au fait*,
One's poor relations — it's quite the
thing —
May hear the singers who can not
sing.



Though it does n't really matter a jot
Whether the singers can sing or not;
For with gowns and gossip and jewels and rocks,
What's music — in an opera box?

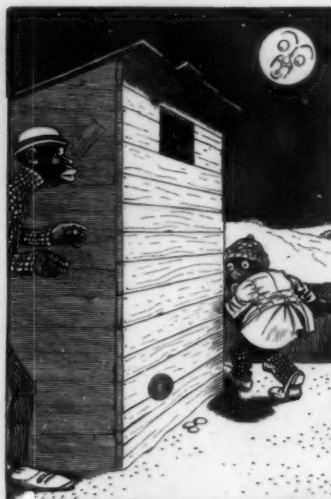
W. M.

A CAT'S-PAW.

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MR. MOKERY SHORT. — By gum! Ef dat hain't too bad. Here I 'se cal'lated to hab chickin' fo' diannah to-morrow an' dat windah 's entirely outen my reach.



MR. MOKERY SHORT. — Fo' de Lawd! Here comes some one. Dis niggah bettah git undah covah.

THE CRITIC SHE FEARED.

MRS. NEWRITCH. — Henry, you gave yourself away badly at the dinner table to-night. Do you know you were actually eating with your knife?

MR. NEWRITCH. — No! was I, though? I hope none of our guests noticed it.

MRS. NEWRITCH. — Oh, I don't care so much about them — but our English butler did.

SOME PEOPLE only recognize an opportunity by its back.

SUCCESS is a ladder that most people prefer to climb onto out of a balloon.

ETHEL. — She forgave me.

JACK. — How divine!

ETHEL. — And has reminded me of it ever since.

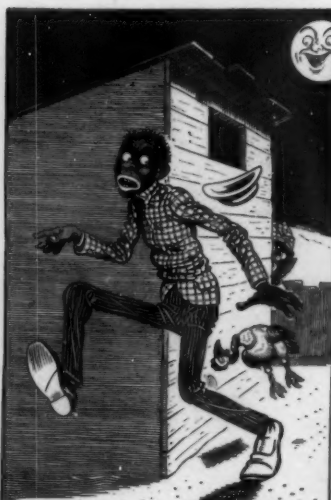
JACK. — How human!



MR. YALLERBY LONG. — Dey can't keep fowl outen dis niggah's reach, dey can't!



MR. YALLERBY LONG (as he twists the chicken's neck). — Dere, dat 'll make yo' safer to handle.

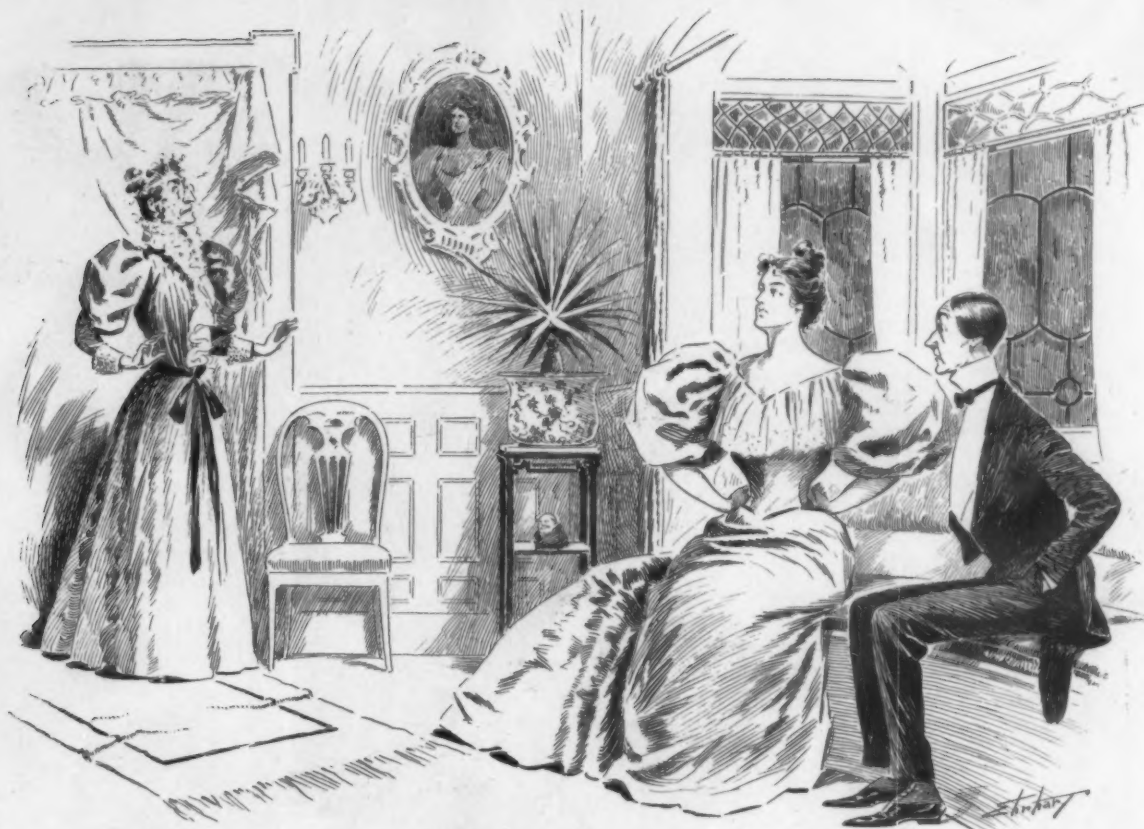


MR. MOKERY SHORT (in a muffled voice). — Drop dat fowl! else I fill yo' brack thief! drop dat fowl! else I fill yo' brack hide wid cannon balls an' rock-salt!



MR. MOKERY SHORT (gathering up the spoils as MR. LONG disappears over the crest of a hill). — By golly! I hain't got de height, but I 'se got de brains!

PUCK.



RESERVED.

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AUNT (entering room at a critical moment).—Well! I'd just like to see a man kiss me!
NIECE (undaunted).—Look here, Aunt; you need n't throw out any hints to Mr. Huggard. He's engaged to me, and I would n't allow him to kiss any other woman, — even my aunt. So, there now!

THE CHRISTMAS FAD.



WOULD PUT forth a yearning prayer That these, the loving ones, and fair, Who keep unworthy me in view

As one for Christmas presents due, Might each, though generously inclined, A separate inspiration find.

One year with handkerchiefs I'm showered,
The next, by neckties overpowered;
Again more slippers than I'd need
Had I been born a centipede.
Another year, both maids and wives
Embower me in paper knives.
Then, gloves come in, pair after pair
Of every sort — from everywhere —
And smoking caps, whose sizes strange
From infants up to giants, range!

Sweethearts, I pray you, list to me!
Whatever gift is said to be
The proper thing to send, the "fad," —
If you would make my poor heart glad
And cause my bosom joyous swells —
Don't send it — please! — send something else.

M. S. Bridges.

THRIFT, GENERALLY speaking, is a good thing; but the kind whose only result in this world is an elaborate tombstone and a probated will does not do its possessor much good.



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IT HAD NINE LIVES.

HIBERNIAN PATIENT.—Phwat the devil are yez doin' to me?
DENTIST.—I am killing the nerve of that tooth; that's all.
HIBERNIAN PATIENT.—Well, well! Who'd have thought that wan little nerve would die so hard?

NOT NECESSARILY USEFUL.

"It is certainly very pretty," said Mrs. Dinsmore, as she examined her daughter's handiwork; "but I don't quite understand what it can be used for."

"How utterly old-fashioned and absurd you are!" replied Miss Dinsmore; "it's a Christmas present for Charley."

PLENTY OF ROOM.

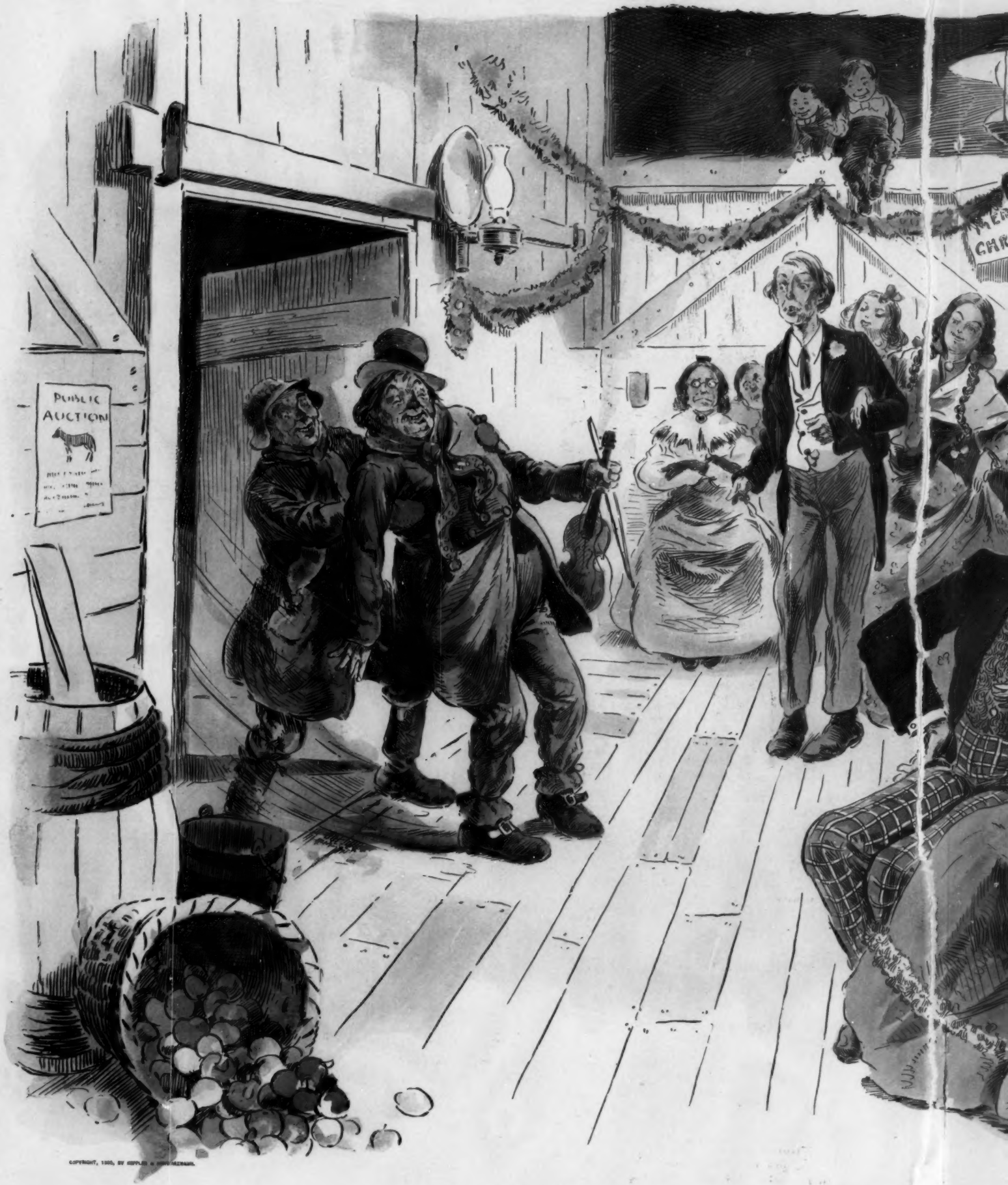
Dame Fashion fills Christmas with humor,
The up-to-date girl need not grieve;
If the bike won't go into her bloomers,
It will surely go into her sleeve.

THE MAN who shovels snow is likely to make more money in the course of a Winter than the man who writes poetry about it.

THE WISE man is he who does not make a fool of himself twice in the same way.

A CONTRIBUTION BOX — The Waste-Paper Basket.

THE MERITS of many people are greatly discounted by the fact that we only hear of their mistakes.



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THE DELAYED DANCE AT H

JABE GORMLEY. — I got 'im; I got 'im; — but he



DANCE AT HAY CORNERS.

Tim; — but he 's been to two dances already!

THE RISK WAS TOO HAZARDOUS.

"I HAVE FREQUENTLY held a debate with a life insurance agent," said Mr. Gilgal; "but yesterday was my first experience with the accident insurance variety of solicitor."

"Well?" queried Dinsmore.

"He had a scheme by which I paid so much money, and that insured me a certain amount in case I met with an accident and lost an eye; another sum in case I lost my arm or leg; a larger amount for the loss of both arms and legs; and so on, with a certain fixed sum to my wife and children in the event of losing my life by accident."

"Did you insure?"

"No, I did n't. I got into conversation with the agent, and I asked him if he had taken out such a policy in the company he represented, and which he praised so highly. He seemed to ignore the question, and I thought I had him, so I repeated it."

"And you found out, of course, that he had such a policy?"

"No, I did n't. After I asked him the question a second time, he admitted that he had not taken out such a

policy. Well, of course, I laughed at that; but this did not annoy him at all. He said

he had not neglected to take out a policy on account of its cost, or because he did not think such a policy a good thing to have in the house, or because he was not willing to practice what he preached. There was no inconsistency about it at all. 'Then,' said I, 'why don't you become a policy holder, yourself?' 'I'll tell you,' said he, 'if you won't give it away.' I promised, and you are the first person I've told, and you don't really count, you know."

"Of course not. What was his reason?"

"He said his company considered insurance soliciting too hazardous an employment to issue policies upon."

William Henry Siviter.

A DISTINCTION.

REGGY WESTEND.—Did you ever dine at the Van Nobbs's?

TOM DE WITT.—No; but I have been there to dinner.

PIPKIN.—Mrs.

Slimdiet does n't have much of any breakfast. I'm never there to lunch, and half the time I take my dinners out; yet she never fails to charge me when I bring a friend to a meal.

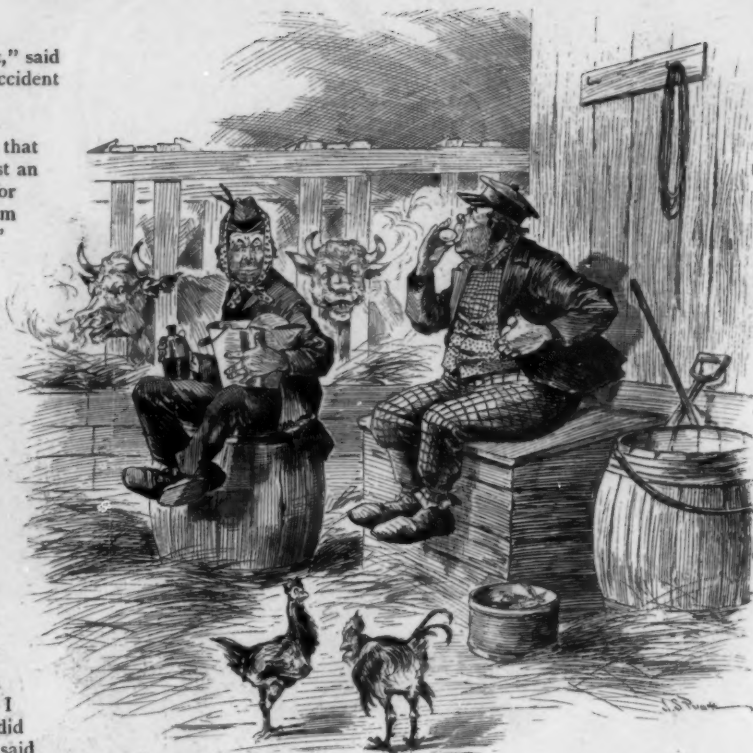
POTTS.—Then why don't you leave?

PIPKIN.—I might not be able to get the same room when I came back.

CARSON.—I have no faith in luck.

VOKES.—Then you are a lucky dog.

MANY A PATENT of nobility has been renewed by a partnership arrangement with an American girl.



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IMPROBABLE.

FRAYED KEEGAN.—D'yer ever read "Robinson Crusoe?"

THIRSTY MIKE.—Yes; I did n't think much of it.

FRAYED KEEGAN.—Did n't yer?

THIRSTY MIKE.—No; the idee of a man bein' twenty-four years on a island an' having some rum left!



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SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

WIFE.—Johnny was very bad this afternoon. He stole a lot of jam and cake, and ate so much he was sick.

HUSBAND.—Did you punish him?

WIFE.—I should say I did! I sent him to bed without his supper.

AMBIGUOUS.

SMILEY BASKER.—What do you think of a woman of conversational gifts as a companion?

LA CONIC.—Charming.

SMILEY BASKER.—And as a wife?

LA CONIC.—Better still.

VERY LOUD.

CHARLEY.—Do these clothes look loud?

JACK.—Yes—like thunder!

JUMPUPPE.—There is one thing I can't understand about American society.

JASPAR.—What's that?

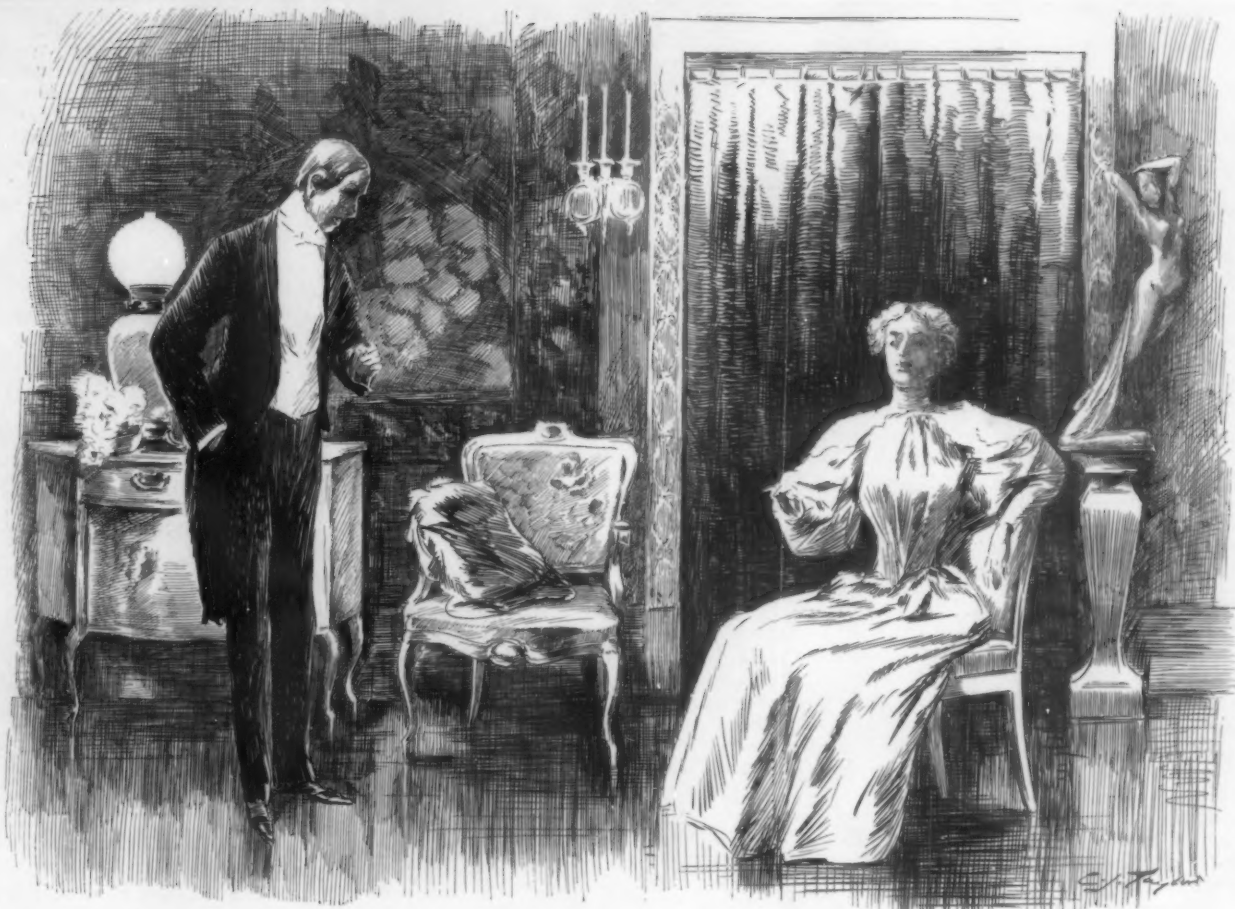
JUMPUPPE.—A poor man's parents are described as antecedents, and a rich man's as ancestry.

WOOL.—A woman wearing an enormous hat sat ahead of me; she spoiled the play for me, and I did for her.

VAN PELT.—How did you get even?

WOOL.—Whispered to the man in the next chair that her hat was n't on straight.

KNIGHT CAPS—Helmets.



DEFINITIONS.

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"But they say," he faltered, with just a gleam of hope in his eyes, "that a woman's 'no' means yes."
 "In this case," replied the scornful beauty, "you will find that a woman's 'no' means nit."

ALWAYS A FERTILE TOPIC.

HOSTESS.—Oh, dear! everybody seems so dull this evening. What can we do to start the conversation?
 SINNICK.—I don't know, unless you could find some excuse to leave the room for a few minutes.

LITERARY STYLE — Old Clothes, Generally.

THE GUSHING young divorcée
 Finds it difficult, alas!
 To enjoy the name of widow
 And keep off, forsooth, the "grass."

HABIT is a chattel mortgage on a
 man's individuality.

IDLE CURIOSITY keeps too many peo-
 ple busy.

IN THE supreme court of adversity
 it is not particularly hard to get
 a new trial.

A GOOD MANY men have wanted the earth; but Alexander is
 the only man who ever wanted to get up a collection.

WHAT MAN needs is an alarm clock that will wake him from
 his dreams of making millions out of wind.

"ALL MEN are born equal;" but most of them degenerate.

THE NIGHT before Christmas is one of the rare occasions on which the
 small boy is threatened with insomnia.



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A CRYING NEED.

SHE.—What shall we get the baby for Christmas?
 HE.—I wish we could get him the rest of his teeth.





LITTLE DOT'S FAIRY STORY.

LITTLE DOT (to her dolls).—Now, childrens, I 'm going to tell you a story about a man wat was n't afraid of his wife, 'cause he was bewitched or—or inspired, or something like that. I forget just what it was called, 'cause it happened long ago, ever so long ago, before I was born. It was in once upon a time w'en the woods was full of fairies 'stead of tramps, as they is now. Well, this man was once a little boy, and he was just like all other little boys ('cept my boy-doll), just as ugly an' as wicked an' as cruel as could be. He was walkin' in the woods one day—may be it was Sunday and he 'd run away from church, or may be it was a week-day and he 'd run away from school; but it was n't Saturday, 'cause boys never goes in the woods on Saturdays. They just stays around home to tease the girls. Well, while he was walkin' an' wonderin' what he could find to hurt, he saw a beautiful golden bird with blue wings and a—mauve tail. Of course he threw a stone at it, and of course he hit it, 'cause boys always throws straight. Boys always practices till they gets perfect in anything that hurts. After the beautiful bird was hit, it began to flutter like everything and try to get out of the way, but he chased after it with his great long legs and big feet and hard, ugly hands and 'most caught it, w'en a big, I mean a little, fairy appeared and said: "Stop, cruel boy! I commands you by the powers of the air and—and darkness, or water—or something like that—to stop!" All of a sudden that bad boy's legs turned to stone; and I s'pose if that had happened now he would have rung for an ambulance and been carried to a dime museum, an' that would have been the end of the story; but things was different then. Well, he could n't budge a inch, and that must 'a' been a awful feeling for a boy. Then the fairy said: "Inasmuch as you, have tried to hurt this little bird, my own grandchild wat is under a spell, I shall make you so you will be real small and weak and helpless w'en ever any one gets mad at you." And then the fairy did something to the boy so that he 'd always have to behave hisself, 'cause if he did n't and got any one mad at him he 'd turn into a weak, helpless little mouse. That 's why his wife was afraid of him.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

When sleighing at her sweet request,
I with my lady fair go,
The truth upon me is imprest
That "money makes the mare go."

PARADOXICAL.

SHE.—Dr. Honeyman said in his sermon this morning that there will be no quarrels or misunderstandings in Heaven.

HE.—And yet only last week he preached about the angelic choir.



A MISTAKE.

SALESMAN.—Cash! Cash! (*impatiently, to two tardy cash boys*).
—Come, seven! come, eleven!
COLORED CUSTOMER.—Fo' de Lawd! wha' 's dat crap game goin' on at?

IMPRACTICAL.

MR. BARLOW (*reading*).—"A London mathematician estimates that the whole population of the world could be packed in a box measuring only 1140 yards in width, 1140 yards in breadth, and 1140 yards in depth, and that each person could be allowed 27 cubic feet in such a box."

MRS. BARLOW.—But where could you find a carpenter to make a box of that size?

PROGRESSIVE.

HE.—Do you know that a kiss in time saves nine?

SHE.—Is that so? Perhaps we had better wait a while.

NO NEED TO COME AROUND.

BINGO.—My baby is learning to talk, old man. You ought to come around some night and hear him.

KINGLEY.—Umph! You evidently forget that I live in the next block.

NOT IN VAIN.

NOT "Born to blush unseen;"
O Roses! for she wore you,
As proudly as a queen,
And men have bowed before you.

Your lives are gone, beside
A portion of my treasure;
Yet, not in vain you died;—
You gave my lady pleasure.

Harry Romaine.

EVER CONSTANT.

FRANK.—Do you still love me as much as you did last evening, darling?

OLIVE.—Why, yes; no one else has been here since then!



THE USUAL LEEWAY.

COBBLE.—You are going out on the six o'clock train, are 'n't you?

STONE.—How did you know?

COBBLE.—I heard you tell the expressman that trunk must be at the station at one.

HARRY'S HYPOTHESIS.

In a night old Santa goes 'round
the world
Nice things in our stockings to
put;
And that is the thing that
makes, I know,
The reindeer so fleet of
foot.

CARSON.—Whatever induced you to lend money to a worthless fellow like Downheel?

VOKES.—How did you find out that I lent him money?

CARSON.—I heard him saying the other day that you owe him money.

"**WHAT DID** the doctor do for your complaint?"
"Told me the name of it."

LIMBER.—The only way I can get even with old Neighbob is to sue him for the size of his pile.

LEGGET.—For kicking you out?
LIMBER.—No; for alienating his daughter's affections.

HIGH LIFE—The Signal Service Officer's.

TRIED BY ADVERSITY—The Art of Borrowing.

POETIC RETRIBUTION.

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The poet could not work at all,
For "Vogner" played with vim
And screech and squall against the wall
By the girl next door to him.



He could not move, he had a lease;
Then to himself he said:
"Those sounds shall cease; I *will* have peace,
If I that girl must wed!"



He pressed his suit to the maiden fair,
She could not say him nay:
And he turned to glare at the "upright" there,
Doomed now, without delay.



So they were wed; and, heart to heart,
The preacher blessed the pair;
No more to part, away they start,
With prospects bright and fair.



They settled down with much content;
Her parents from their flat
As a present sent the instrument —
And the poet settled that.



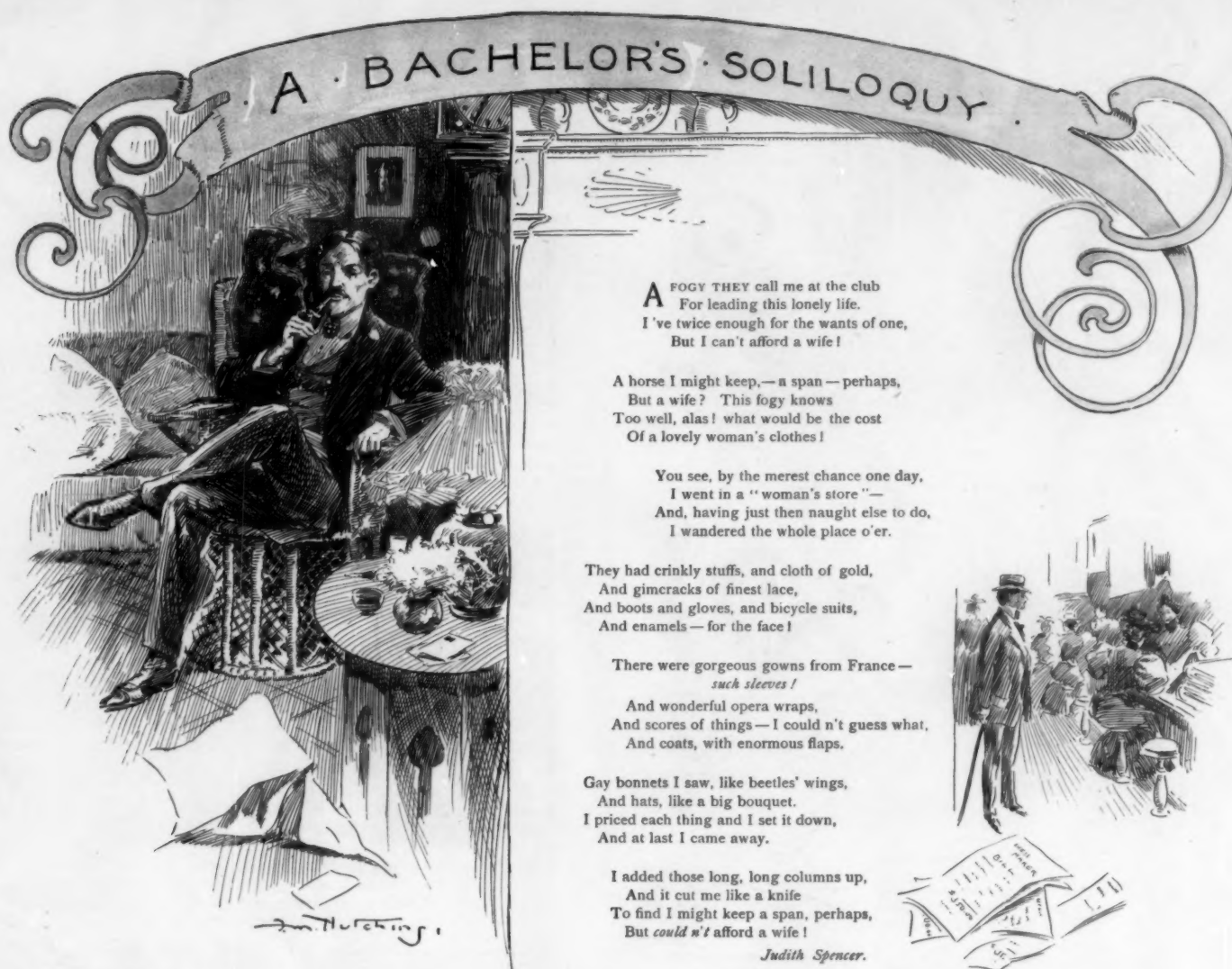
The young wife wept at the dreadful sight
That her anguished optics met;
She cried outright with all her might,
"You'll be paid for that yet!"



But the poet chortled in his joy,
As he rhymed on quite contented,
"Oh, I'm the boy! No more annoy
Since that tin pan was dented!"



But Time, the arbiter of all,
In retribution brought
Him twins to squall, to howl, to bawl,
And "Vogner" was as nought!



A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

A FOGY THEY call me at the club
For leading this lonely life.
I've twice enough for the wants of one,
But I can't afford a wife!

A horse I might keep,—a span—perhaps,
But a wife? This fogy knows
Too well, alas! what would be the cost
Of a lovely woman's clothes!

You see, by the merest chance one day,
I went in a "woman's store"—
And, having just then naught else to do,
I wandered the whole place o'er.

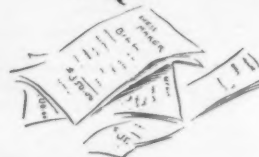
They had crinkly stuffs, and cloth of gold,
And gimcracks of finest lace,
And boots and gloves, and bicycle suits,
And enamels—for the face!

There were gorgeous gowns from France—
such sleeves!
And wonderful opera wraps,
And scores of things—I could n't guess what,
And coats, with enormous flaps.

Gay bonnets I saw, like beetles' wings,
And hats, like a big bouquet.
I priced each thing and I set it down,
And at last I came away.

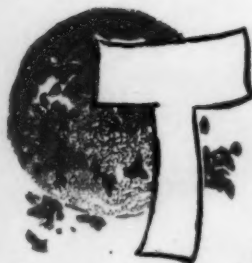
I added those long, long columns up,
And it cut me like a knife
To find I might keep a span, perhaps,
But *could n't* afford a wife!

Judith Spencer.



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A PASSING CLOUD.



HERE WAS an angry light in her dark eyes as she paced the floor restlessly. It was a painful discovery for the happy bride of three months—this little packet, endorsed in her husband's handwriting, "July, 1893." And the lock of raven hair—she crushed it fiercely in her hand as she glanced in the mirror at the reflection of her own blonde tresses.

"July, 1893." Why, at that time, he was her devoted admirer, her slave, her declared and accepted lover!

She sat down and buried her face in her hands. Suddenly she started up joyously. It was all clear to her now. The explanation of the mystery had dawned upon her. In July, 1893, she had been a brunette.

W. M.

COULD N'T STAND THAT.

"So you've given up writing funny things for a living?"
"Yes; people got to calling me a 'wag.'"

UNABLE TO TELL.

FOND PARENT.—Bobby, don't pinch the baby, you naughty boy!
When you were a little, tiny baby, did you like to be pinched?
BOBBY.—I forget.

A CENT CAN roll just as far under the bed as a five dollar gold piece.

IT is the home rule instincts of the servant that make her want to run the house.

SECOND THOUGHTS are not best when they are second-hand thoughts.

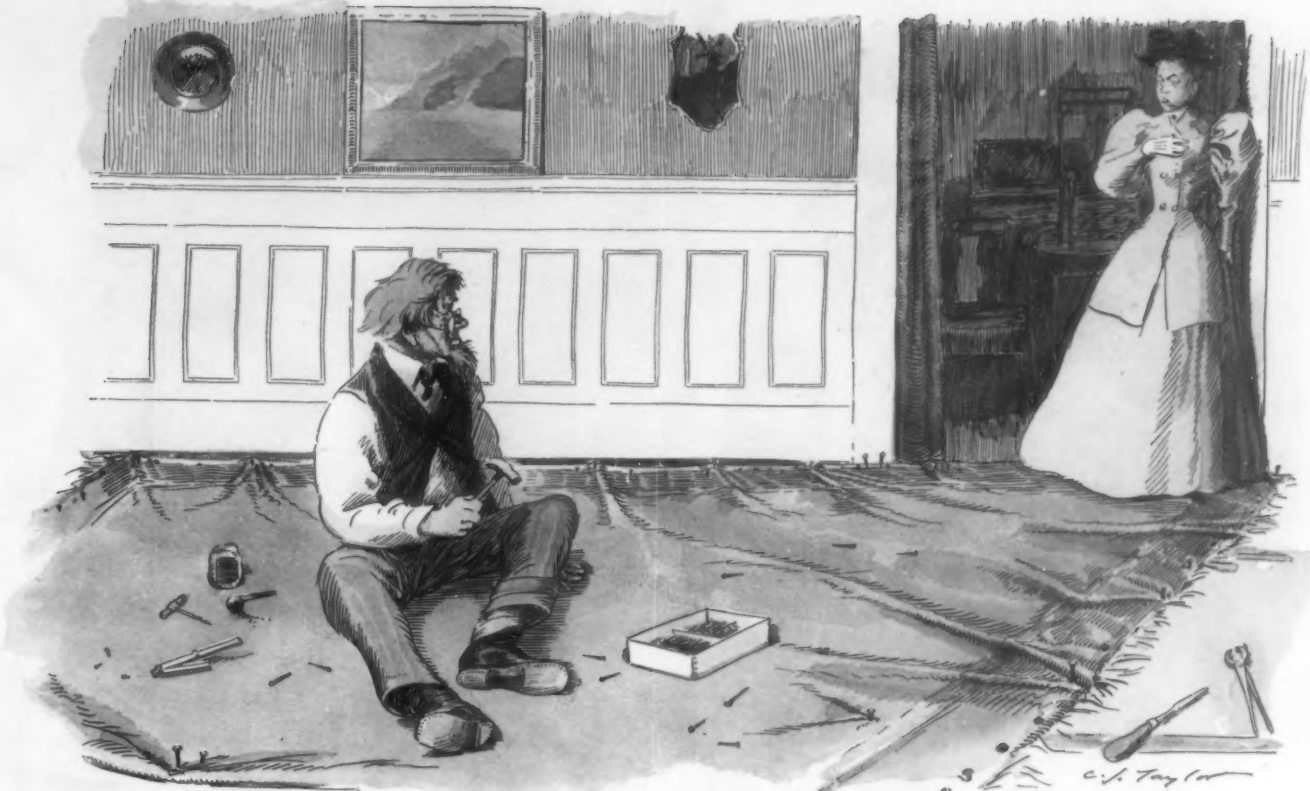
MANY A MAN exhausts himself doing uphill work after he has reached the top.



IN BOSTON.

PAPA.—Well, Emerson, what are you going to give Mama for Christmas?
EMERSON.—My new essay, entitled "Santa Claus; the History of a Myth."

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AN UNAPPRECIATED KINDNESS.

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HOSTESS (returning from a call).—For Heaven's sake, Uncle Ezra! what are you doing?
UNCLE EZRA (paying a visit to his city niece).—Well, bein's it was a bad day an' I could n't go out, an' these ere carpets bein' up ever since I come, I thought I'd tack 'em all down. I tell you what—it was an awful hard stretch to make 'em reach the corners!

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

"You see that little fellow yonder?"
"Yes."
"He 's my tailor. I believe he is going to have the insolence to dun me on the street."
"It looks that way."
"If he does, he 's a dead man—that 's all."
"Got the money in your pocket, have you?"

LOCAL COLLATERAL.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Der last time I wos in dis jay town I reads in der local poiper dat der editor had received one hunderd subscriptions der day before, and so I cracks his crib dat night.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Well, did yer lift der stuff?

FIRST BURGLAR (in disgust).—Say! wot good is cord-wood an' punkins ter me?

A CHANGED TUNE.

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PARTY TO THE LEFT, gleefully.—Look at that boy going to soak that dicer! I don't believe I could resist a shot at it myself, if I were a boy.

IN THE SAME BOAT.

ARTHUR.—I don't think she 's pretty.
JACK.—Neither do I.
"Heavens! Did she refuse you, too?"

EXPLANATION.

WILFRID.—I know why the elephant always wags his trunk that way.

NURSE.—Why, Wilfrid?

WILFRID.—Because he has n't a tail that will make a big enough wag for his size.

A CRUSTY BACHELOR remarks that the "age before beauty" is red-skinned, shapeless babyhood. He sha'n't have any silver cup from us when he reaches second childhood.

WHEN THE "rattling speech" is dissected, it is often found to be nothing but rattle.



THE OWNER OF THE DICER.—Ah! The widow never fails to be at the window as I pass in the morning.



THE OWNER OF THE DICER.—I wonder what that man is so angrily chasing that boy for? He appeared all smiles a moment ago.

OUTDONE.



I.

II.

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TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

THERE IS an old-fashioned little chop-house situated in an out-of-the-way corner of New York, where the few who know of its existence are served with excellent Bass's ale by a regular English barmaid.

Not a trim, rosy-cheeked divinity with fine eyes and well-rounded figure, but a "regular English barmaid."

It was Christmas Eve, and the place was very quiet. Only two old customers were reading the papers in an inside room.

The barmaid had just carried in a toby of ale to one of them, and was on her way back with the empty glasses, when the outside door opened, and a short, thick-set young fellow rushed into the room.

Apparently he was in a jovial mood, for he clasped the barmaid impulsively around the waist with one hand. The other he held unsteadily above her head.

"Give us a kiss, Jane!" he exclaimed, as he tightened his affectionate embrace.

"No, I won't; keep yer distance, Bill!" she answered, as she freed herself from his grasp and set down her tray full of glasses on the bar.

But the young man seized her again.

"I hain't a-goin' to keep my distance to-night; I'm going to kiss yer!" he cried.

Why he should have wanted to kiss her was not apparent on the surface. Perhaps she reminded him of home. There could have been no other reason.

"When I wants yer to kiss me I'll hask yer, Bill Somers!" she exclaimed angrily.

The young man tried to draw her to him; but, as he was holding one hand above her head all the while, he did n't succeed very well.

"I hain't a-waiting to be asked;

I've brought my hinvitation with me. Come, now; no nonsense," he said, as he grasped her more closely.

"Let me go, Bill!"

"Not till yer kisses me, Jane!"

"Then, take that!" she cried, as she drew back her hand and struck him a violent blow across the ear.

Bill dropped his hold.

"That's a nice game to play on a cove as comes in 'ere quiet and peaceable like, with a bit of mistletoe, to kiss yer and wish yer a Merry Christmas!"

"Ow did I know yer 'ad any mistletoe, you was so rough?" she asked, indignantly.

"Was n't I a-'olding it above yer 'ead?"

"Ow did I know yer was a-'olding it above my 'ead?" she asked, in a slightly mollified tone; "if yer'd come in like a gentleman and showed me the mistletoe, I might er let yer kiss me. But you was too rough."

"I don't believe yer 'd 'ave done it, hanyway," returned Bill, sullenly; "if we was 'ome yer might; but none of the good hold Henglish customs seem to work in this blarsted country!"

Harry Romaine.

WORLD WEARY.

LEA.—Higby is the most utterly blasé fellow I ever met! Does n't believe in man, woman, or the world.

PERRINS.—Let's see; he's pretty near twenty now, is n't he?

FREDDY.

By his good and quiet ways,
And his tidy hair and face,
We can understand these days
Christmas's coming on apace.

ON THE FACE OF IT.

CHOLLEY.—Weally, you ought to be pwoud of youh beautiful Vandyke beahd.

GUSSIE (despondently).—I was; but yesterday I went to get a haih cut, and, after the barbah was through with that, he said, "You need a shave, sah!"

STORMS OF applause are the things that wreck most navigators.



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FOILING THE COMMITTEE.

FRIEND.—What the deuce are you doing, Carmine—wall decoration?

CARMINE.—No; you know they always "sky" my pictures at the Academy, and I'm painting this so it will look well from below.

IN SYMPATHY — WITH LIONS.



At 8:00.
 Y ES; I helped Pa carry
 Feed in fur the cow, —
 Done no end o' choring,
 Want a story now!
 Don't ye go downstairs, Ma!
 Billi is there with Kate;
 Tell a lion story —
 'T is n't reely late.

At 8:15.
 "Whoop! That's jest a story!
 Go it, Mam — it's fine! —
 Bet the feller shivered
 When the red eyes shine!
 Wus his weeping ready?
 Wus his powder wet?
 Did he aim right steady? —
 Skeered to death, I bet!

At 8:30.
 "Well, of all the blamest stories that's the wust!
 Me, that lion lovin', a'most fit to bust;
 An' he lets a feller fill him full o' lead —
 Jest give me a lion that chaws a feller dead!"

Kate M. Cleary.

FOR THE SAKE OF VARIETY.

AUTHOR. — I think I have a new idea for my next novel.

FRIEND. — What is it?

AUTHOR. — I intend to make the heroine as good as she is beautiful.

WISE.

UNCLE NED. — Did you throw any old shoes after the bridal party?

WILLY. — Naw! I threw Ma's slippers.

AGENT. — Sir, do you need any type-writer supplies?

MERCHANT. — Yes; send me about four pounds of candy.



HER READY SYMPATHY.

YOUNG GILLEY. — Do you know, for some months past, I've fallen into the habit of talking to myself?

MISS INNIT (suppressing a yawn). — Dear me! how dreadful!



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LIKE THE REST OF HER BOARDERS.

MRS. SLIMDIET (the landlady, telling an adventure). — Well, one day last Summer I boarded a car —

WEAK-LOOKING BOARDER (interrupting). — I'll bet it was empty!

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," began Colonel Handy Polk, the well-known real estate agent of Hawville, Oklahoma, stepping to the front of the stage and addressing the large and cultured audience assembled in the Spread Eagle Opera House to enjoy the presentation of a popular comic opera by local amateurs, "as stage-manager, I wish to request you to remember all the evenin' that this yere operry is given for the benefit of charity, an' I hope all of your hearts will be overflowin' with the same. Hank Bitters an' Akali Ike will now pass through the audience an' search all the gentlemen for revolvers, after which we will commence with the first act of the operry.

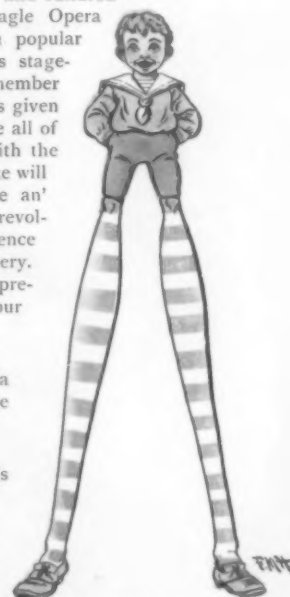
That's all I have to say at present. Much obliged for your attention."

LOVE LAUGHS at Papa when he pays the locksmith's bill.

A THING OF beauty is a joy until one's wife wants one like it.

IT is probably in a case of twins that "life's but a span."

"HALF-CALF" — Chicken Croquettes.



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THIS IS HOW MOST LITTLE BOYS WOULD LIKE TO BE BUILT WHEN THE TIME FOR HANGING UP STOCKINGS COMES AROUND.

"YOU SEEM to be feeling very good," remarked the India Rubber Man. "I should say yes," rejoined the Glass-eater, with a smile; "I've just had a cold bottle."

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PUCK.



AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

SHEPERDESS. — How perfectly Harold Hardupp is carrying out his character of an English lord!

MEPHISTOPHELES. — What is he doing?

SHEPERDESS. — Why, he proposed to me during the first intermission; and now he's got Papa over in the corner, borrowing money from him.

PUCK.

AN INTERVIEW.



AFTER AN hour's passionate struggle with himself the old gentleman became more calm; he arose, and, stepping to the door of his private office, summoned the office boy, to whom he gave a message. Then he returned to his desk and bowed his head over a letter that was lying upon it.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?" A beautiful young girl appeared at the threshold of the room. A racking tremor shook the old gentleman as he heard the voice, and he pressed his moist hand against his brow, to still its throbbing. Hoarsely he addressed the young woman: "Miss Smith, there is something that you have concealed from me!"

The lovely girl started and blushed.

"Why—I—er—well, sir—I think—"

"Ah! it is as I feared." His voice rattled in his throat; but with a great effort he regained his self-control.

"Miss Smith, you have brought to this office a refinement that it had never known before. While I did not approve of sachet packets being concealed among my note-heads, nor of ribbons bedecking the telephone, still, on the whole, I was greatly pleased with your presence and your work. But now, Miss Smith, you—." Again his self-restraint was greatly taxed. "This letter—you wrote this letter, Miss Smith! Read it! Read it aloud!"

Trembling she took the paper and read:

"Messrs. Jones & Jones:

"Darling—Your letter of the fifth inst. at hand. In reply I would say that we do not consider your claim is justified, and certainly the damage sustained could not possibly be as great as you state; even admitting all the facts as you represent them. We can not consider the matter further until full proofs have been submitted to us.

"Believe me, sweetheart,

"Your own loving Maud."

The merchant's head was lowered, and great veins stood out upon his hand.

"Miss Smith, that young man has come between us. Leave me, Miss Smith—and forever!"

L. B.

NOBLESSE
OBLIGE.

The Earl was plainly agitated.

"Our—" he recovered his composure as he spoke—

"race, it is true, does not boast the crude, raw virtues you prize so highly.

"But—"

His hauteur was as it erst had been.

"—your father must make allowances."

And, turning with a proud, imperious smile to the inlaid es-critoire, he drew upon the old man for £1,000, with all the calm repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere.

METHODICAL.

I pressed a kiss upon her hand,
And there I put the ring;
She blushed and softly murmured,
"There's
A place for every-thing."

A SECTIONAL ISSUE—Jack-in-the-Box.

THE UPPER HAND
—A Foreman.

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

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The Herr Professor, round and fat,
Earnestly gazed at the tiger cat.
Selim, the elephant, winked his eye,
Resolving a practical joke to try.



Around the Professor his trunk he wound,
And screamed through the same with trumpet sound,
While the Herr Professor from his daze awoke
As that discord on the silence broke;



And, opening the music book in his hand,
He played on the trunk, as he did in the band,
A tuba solo, Pom! Pom! der dee!—
The intermezzo from "Sweet Marie."



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NOT EXPLICIT.

FIRST BELLIGERENT.—Dar ain't a word ob troof in what yo' says!

SECOND BELLIGERENT.—Do yo' mean to say I lie?

FIRST BELLIGERENT.—Dat 's just what I mean!

SECOND BELLIGERENT (walking off).—Well, why doan' yo' say so right out? I hates dis beatin' 'bout de bush!

PUCK.



Olde Love and Lavender

OLD LOVE is like old lavender that scents this oaken press
And hides its fragrance in the folds of lace and silken dress,
The dress *she* wore with regal air at many a stately ball,
When dandies of the time declared she held the hearts of all.
She held *my* heart, she held it long; ah, me! she holds it yet;
Though that was in the long ago — and sometimes I forget.
Old Love is like old lavender, forgotten clear, complete,
Till we disturb some mem'ry fond and raise its fragrance sweet.

Old Love is like old lavender, it keeps its sweetness ever,
'Though days glide into weeks and years, though hearts that love must sever.
And fate forbade. We parted, too; our fond farewells were spoken;
And I forget, I said? Ah, no! Why, I have every token
That, sanctified by love, she gave — with each one a caress.
I laid them all in lavender, as is this silken dress;

The dress I loved to see her wear — oh, quaint, old rich brocade!
No dress like you was ever worn, and by so sweet a maid!
"You 'll wear it on our wedding day?" I often used exclaim;
For such a fate 't was put apart — and then our parting came.
Old Love is like old lavender, fragrant still the while; —
Yes, Love is old, like lavender, old-fashioned, out of style!

Roy L. McCardell.





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THE KIND HE SAW.

MRS. YOUNGHUB.—George, some people say they can see figures in the flames. Can you?

YOUNGHUB (*wearily*).—Yes;—six dollars a ton.



BALLADE OF BUSINESS LETTERS.

DEAR SIR (or Sirs):—they're started so—
Your valued favor of— (the date) —
Has come to hand. We give below
Our prices, and beg leave to state
Upon the terms you indicate
Your order will (no if's or and's!)
Receive attention adequate.
Awaiting your esteemed commands,—

Dear Sir:— (or Sirs, if there's a Co.) —
To-day we're very pleased to slate
Your kind commission. Goods will go
A month hence by the fastest freight.
We trust you will not hesitate
To order in our other brands—
Each one is better than its mate!
Awaiting your esteemed commands,—

Dear Sir (or Sirs): Please let us know
How long we must anticipate
The payment of account you owe
Now long past due. While we should hate
(Collection to accelerate)
The matter in our lawyers' hands
To place—we can not longer wait!
Awaiting your esteemed commands,—

Prince, ballads' burdens celebrate
Themes sumless as the Ocean's sands:
Trade, one refrain sings early, late—
"Awaiting your esteemed commands!"

Edward W. Barnard.

SAT ON.

TRAVELER.—May I take this seat?

MAIDEN (*from Boston, icily*).—Where do you wish to take it, sir?

A GREAT GIRL.

WIRE (*in Harlem flat*).—I feel particularly pleased with our new servant. You know to-day is the day we hang the clothes out on the roof.

HUSBAND.—What did she do?

WIRE.—She got them all back.

THE ONE THING WANTED.

MR. BALLOU.—What would you like me to buy you for Christmas?

MRS. BALLOU.—Well, there are a thousand and one things, dear, that I want.

"But—er—what is the *one* thing?"

"Oh, that is a sealskin cape!"

THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS.

In spendthrift ways he had no bounds;

Dressed in costliest togs,
He gambled, drank, rode to the hounds—

And then went to the dogs.

R. L. M.

MAKING AN ALLOWANCE.

MRS. SHOPPEN.—I'll take a size larger than this.

SALESLADY.—But this other is for a baby six months old, Madam, just the age of yours.

MRS. SHOPPEN.—Have n't I got to wait for my change?

TOMMY'S WISH.

I wish they would take the old burglar alarm
And bust it to pieces to-day,
For, if it should rattle to-night, I am sure
It would scare dear old Santa away.



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PROPHETIC FOOTPRINTS.

SERVANT (*opening house in the morning, and speaking to coachman*).—John, it's no nade there 'll bae av yez gething th' horse ready this mornin'; Misther Van Tipple 'll not go to the office this day.



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ASSUREDLY AMUSING.

MR. MISFITSKI (*looking in from the store*).—Repecca, Repecca, shut dot chils mout' up! How gan I sell der gustomer, vit him a-screamin' in dot manner?

MRS. MISFITSKI.—I gan't, Isaac; I gan't! Nodding I gan do vill amuse him.

MR. MISFITSKI (*desperately*).—Vell, den pring him out in der store undt let him vatch me sell dis schay gountryman a soot of glothes.

COURTIN' THE WIDDER.

It's as slick a job as ever I see—
A-courtin' the Widder Beasley! She
Don't fire up red when she comes to the door,
Ner snicker, ner nothin'. She's b'en there
before.
She'll hand me a chair, an' she'll
say, like 's not,
"I'll be 'long in a minute or two.
I got

"My risin' to set; do you want to set
down
An' look over these beans while I'm
putterin' roun'?"
The run of 'em fluster themselves, an'
light
The parlor up, stiddy-comp'ny-night,
An' raise a rumpus. The Widder an'
me—
We set in the kitchen gener'ly.

She says she don't know 's she's got no
call
To see things wastin'; she's give me
all
O' Anthony's clo'es; I ain't built like
him,
Him bein' chuckle an' me bein' slim,
An' she's had to fix up so 's they'll fit,
An' she's powerful handy a-doin' it.

We sha'n't undertake to have no kind
O' frills an' fussin' when we git j'ined;
I'll git a new neck-tie, an' have my hair
Trimmed up, an' my things took over there,
An' we'll git the parson to change her name,
An' we'll jog along jest 'bout the same.
Emma A. Oppen.

HARRY.—Belle is a sort of mid-
dle-aged girl.

JACK.—What do you mean?

HARRY.—Why, half-way between
what she acknowledges, and what
you privately set her down to be!



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MOURNFUL MEMORIES.

FIRST ACTOR.—Poor house to-night!
SECOND ACTOR (*disconsolately*).—Yes; the tiers look just like
railroad ties.

NOT SATISFIED WITH A SOLO.

SPENCER.—When Spoonmore proposed to Flora Flurtleigh, he wrote
a song telling her how much he loved her, and sent it to her. She returned
it, asking him to add a chorus to it.

FERGUSON.—What did she want a chorus for?

SPENCER.—So that others could join in.

OUT OF IT ENTIRELY.

SHE.—I would n't go out sleighing with a man I could n't trust.

HE.—I am afraid you would n't go with me.

SHE.—Why not?

HE.—I am a man that even a livery stable keeper would n't trust.

NO MORE WEIGHT WANTED.

She shuddered.

"When I think of the future," she said, "my heart grows
heavier."

"Darling, can you not—"

He now felt assured that the circula-
tion in the knee on which she sat was
completely suspended.

"—direct your thoughts into
other channels?"

MONEY IN IT.

WILLIAMSON.—Do
artists make money?

HENDERSON.—Some do.

Take Van Dabble, for in-
stance. Whenever he sells a ten-
dollar picture he borrows twenty-
five dollars on the strength of it.

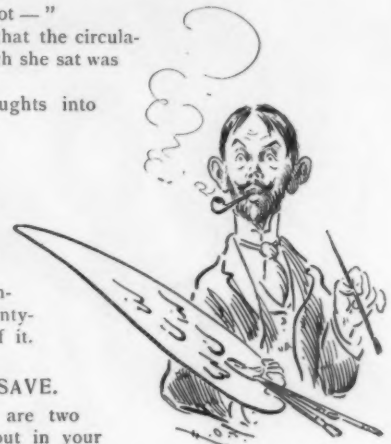
NOT INCLINED TO SAVE.

FOND PARENT.—Here are two
quarters for you, Bobby, to put in your
little bank.

BOBBY.—I'd rather have a half, if you've got it, Pop.

FOND PARENT.—What for?

BOBBY.—'Cos it won't go through the hole.



A MATTER OF COURSE.

MRS. R. ESIDENT.—Have you
heard the gossip about Mrs. New-
comer?

MRS. HOMER.—No; what
is it?

MRS. R. ESIDENT.—I don't
know.

MRS. HOMER.—But you
spoke of the gossip as if there
was some.

MRS. R. ESIDENT.—Cer-
tainly! Is n't she a stranger?

BIGHEAD.—It is strange
how things even up in
this world, if you watch.

SOFTLY.—For instance?

BIGHEAD.—I was in a hurry
this morning and just missed
the car I wanted; and, at the
same moment, one going in the
opposite direction just missed
me.

"ARE the decorations for
the wedding reception
in place?"

"All, except the groom."

"IT'S NO USE TALKING"—A
Parrot.

A BOON COMPANION—Gratitude.

STAPLE ARTICLES—Hasps and
Padlocks.

SMALL VICES—V. P's, after Their
Term is Up.

BALLADS OF THE TOWN

XVI.

7 A. M.

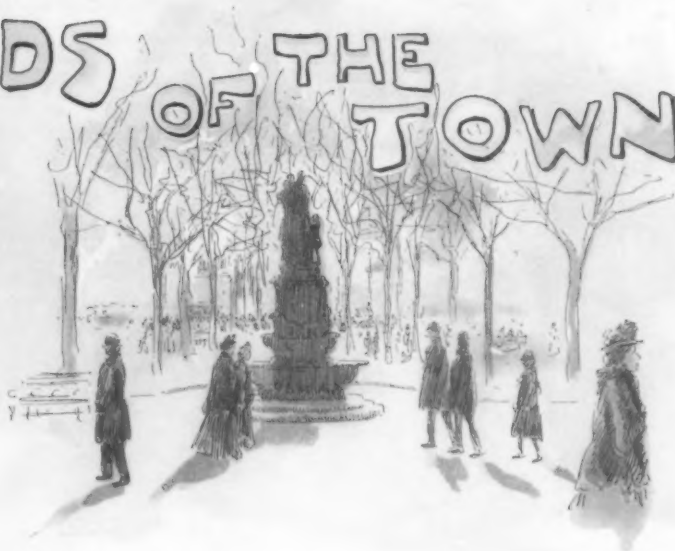
IN THE cool of the morn,
In the cool and the fair,
When a new day is born
In the street and the square—
A day in a haze
That the sun strikes with gold,
And the wind sweeps the ways
With the river's keen cold—
She comes then, the dim hour adorning,
Seen only of me and the cop;
And her cheek is a challenge to morning—
The girl on her way to the shop.

The sight of her wakes me
Like sunlight's first peep—
On my honor, it takes me
Like rousing from sleep;
And a night of champagne
And a dawn of regret
Are forgot as the rain
That the roses forget—
For the ache in my skull is a ripper,
And my eyelids are ready to drop;
But I lift up my head and look chipper
For the girl on her way to the shop.

She has watch-spring and cork
In the trip of her toe;
And the *snap* of New York,
That New Yorkers all know,
In the cheap dress of brown
That is worn with an air
Such as no other town
Ever gave with its wear.
Her face is a-sparkle with laughter,
Her Alpine hat nodding on top—
And the gladdened beholder looks after
The girl on her way to the shop.

For a poor little space
Is this flower of the street,
With her morningshine face
And her quick tripping feet—
Too fast they trip on,
Till we see them no more;
And the morningshine's gone
Into MORGENSCHN'S door!
Oh! Morgenschein's portals are dreary,
But I and the early-bird cop,
Take to whistling a tune that is cheery—
Like the girl on her way to the shop.

H. C. Bunner.





GETTING PERSONAL.

OLD GOLDROX.—My daughter has very expensive tastes.
CHOLLY IMPECUNE.—I had n't noticed that. May I ask wherein?
OLD GOLDROX.—Well, look at the kind of men she falls in love with.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

LEA (*despondently*).—By George, my luck is tough! I just consulted an oculist about my eyes, and he has ordered me to stay in a dark room for two weeks!

PERRINS (*Kodak fiend*).—Hurrah! the very thing, old man! Take advantage of it! I've got a hundred and fifty plates I'd like you to develop.

ABOUT THE SAME THING.

GABBLETON (*concluding a long story*).—And picture, if you can, the horror of the young woman when she found herself compelled to pass the night in a tomb!

GRIMSHAW.—I can; I once slept in the spare bedroom in the house of a Connecticut deacon.

REASONS.

DEACON HAPGOOD.—Mrs. Gradley is very indignant at your point-blank refusal to give her a lift when you overtook her in your buggy yesterday. Why was it?

THE YOUNG PARSON.—Well, Deacon, I am new to this charge. Mrs. Gradley is a widow, and I was forced to refuse her, because I did not care to give the least handle for gossip. Besides, my buggy is small, and she had her grandchild with her.

WILLY'S X-MAS PUZZLE.

THE CHRISTMAS window shines with things
Too numerous to mention,
And how these stores make money is
Beyond my comprehension;

Because the playthings, one and all,
That our small fancies tickle
Are made for us by Santa Claus
And cost us not a nickel.

R. K. Munkittrick.



THE GREATEST.

PARKE ROWE.—What was the greatest newspaper beat, last year, d' ye think?

TOP O'COLLUM.—Phil Space's beating the Journalist Club out of four hundred dollars'-worth of drinks.

PALPABLY AN IMPOSTOR.

CADDINGTON.—I was accosted by a man to-day who asked me for assistance. He told me such a straight story he almost caught me.

FITZJAMES.—You did n't give him anything, then?

CADDINGTON.—No; and I'm glad I did n't. For I looked back after I got a block or so away, and, by Jove! he had stopped another fellow!



"MY HAIR IS MY PRIDE.



(Photo. from life. See accompanying letter.)
THIS REMARKABLE HEAD OF HAIR
is kept in the condition which
has made it famous by

It is nearly fifty inches long, of fine
quality and very thick.
When asked, as I am many times a week,
how I preserve its beauty, my reply
is always the same:



'By using



PACKER'S TAR SOAP.'

As a hair preserver and beautifier
I would and do recommend it to all."

From a Boston Lady.



My Complexion.

"I find PACKER'S TAR SOAP most refreshing and
delicious for the bath. It gives one such a sense of
exquisite cleanliness. I have used but two cakes, and
my Skin has become Soft and Fine, and my Complexion
is greatly improved."

From a Philadelphia Lady.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

Eminent medical authorities tell us that:

"The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness —
thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight,
and for men once a week," and that:

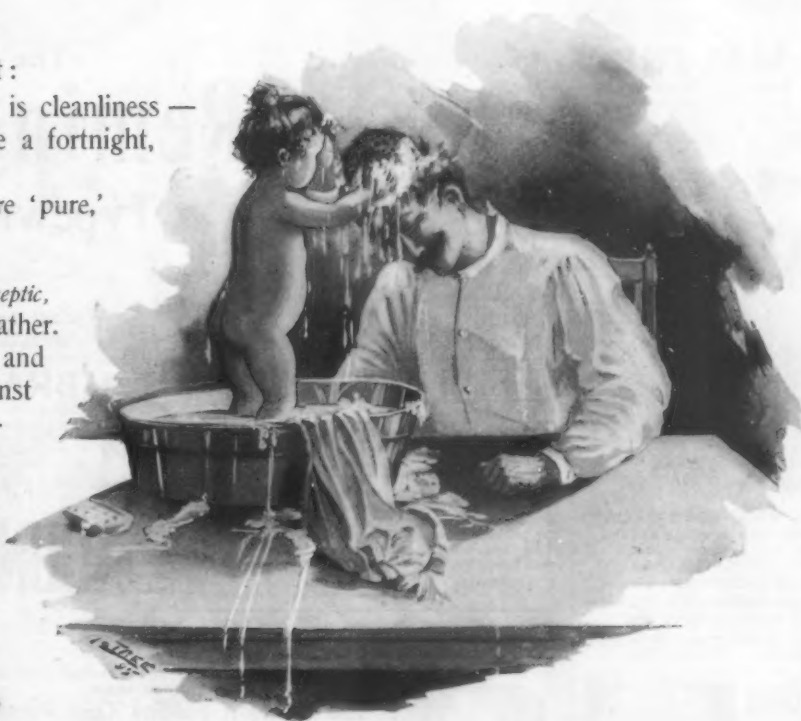
"The best agents for the purpose are 'pure,'
'mild,' 'antiseptic' soap and water."

PACKER'S TAR SOAP is pure, mild, antiseptic,
and yields a plentiful, white emollient lather.
It is not only a real luxury for bathing and
shampooing, but a constant protection against
contagion. It is extensively used by fami-
lies, first-class hair dressers and eminent
physicians, who recommend it for cleans-
ing the hair and scalp, as a means of
preserving healthful conditions, and, in
treatment of dandruff and baldness.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Is sold by druggists. Price 25 cents.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., P. O. Box 2985,
83 Fulton Street, New York.



"PAPA LIKES IT, TOO."

Waverley Bicycles.

\$85.00.
Maximum Strength. Minimum Weight.

It requires a corps of scientific men to construct a bicycle that will meet the demands of the modern rider. We have the best men in the world in each department—steel experts, mechanical experts, superintendent, master mechanic, etc.—the largest and most thoroughly modern bicycle plant in the world—buy the best of high-grade material, regardless of cost, and make every part under our own roof—hence we know we are right in warranting the Waverley to be the best bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Do you want the best? Our catalogue is free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

THE "BENEDICT" BUTTON

Butts other Buttons out of the market.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
Broadway & Cortlandt St., N. Y.
Manufactured for the Trade by
ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.,
25 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

HOW TO MAKE

WOMEN **BEAUTIFUL**



Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty, owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send 6c. in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Does the manufacture of "laid" paper require an egg plant?

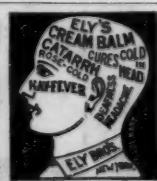


"WHEN THE GREEN COMES BACK"
all thoughts return again to wheels and wheeling. You are bothered about CHRISTMAS GIFTS. What better than a **RAMBLER BICYCLE?**
Catalogue upon application.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.
Brooklyn. Detroit. Coventry, Eng.

Ely's Cream Balm

WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm: Into each nostril.
ELY Bros., 24 Warren St., N. Y.



HE KNEW BETTER.

MRS. VINCENT.—You look angry, Fred.

MR. VINCENT.—I am. The clerk in the store where I bought this tie has been trying to persuade me that their hats are as good as the Knox Hats. It's ridiculous!

Latest,
Best,
Quick,
Strong,
Wears
Long,
Writes
Well,
Never
Fails,
Simply
Made,

The
New Model

6 Remington Typewriter

Therefore Leads.

Send for
New Illustrated Catalogue.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN ROYD THACHER,
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

WEALTH may not make you happy; but if it should prove too severe a disappointment, you can easily get rid of it.



PAT. DEC. 30, '90

MAKES A VERY ACCEPTABLE PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN OR LADIES.
OVER 300,000 SOLD.

The Paragon Folding Coin Purse.

The most roomy and least bulky purse made. Ask your dealer for it, or I will send you sample at following prices, postpaid.
No. 01, Imitation Calf, \$0.25. Morocco, Calf, Seal.
" 5x holds \$4.00 in silver.....\$.30 \$.50 \$.75
" 4x " 6.00 " "35 .70 1.00
" 3x " 10.00 " "50 .90 1.25
" 2x " 15.00 " "65 1.25 1.75
Sole Mfrs. JAMES S. TOPHAM, 1281 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. Please mention POK.



PAT. DEC. 30, '90.

VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

"Vin Mariani, the Elixir of Life, a veritable fountain of youth, giving vigor, health and energy."

Emile Zola.

At DRUGGISTS & FANCY GROCERS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

Send free, if this paper is mentioned,
Descriptive Book, Portraits and Autographs
of Celebrities.

MARIANI & CO.

PARIS: 41 Boulevard Haussmann. 50 West 15th St., New York.
LONDON: 239 Oxford Street.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency"—World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

SWEET ARE the uses of adversity; but we have no use for it.

\$4.71 Essence OF RHINE * VIOLETS
(Name Registered.)
THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES
If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get
"No. 471 Rhine Violets"
It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.
Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.



MULHENS & KROFF, New York, U.S. Agents.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

by my **INVISIBLE** Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good hearing than all other devices combined. Whispers **HEARD**. Help ears as glasses help eyes. F. H. HAZEN, 835 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs **FREE**

It is time some of those standing armies took a back seat.

ABSOLUTELY No Artificial Coloring ...In the Fragrant...

MACHINE MADE
Ceylon TEA
PURE STRONG CLEAN
A No. 1
"TWO CUPS IN ONE"

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.
For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,

39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

Fred'k H. Levey Co's

Inks

Are used entirely

on Puck

WHEN FORTUNE'S wheel brings some folks to the top, they insist on giving it another turn.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind-colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.



IF EVERYBODY could have just what they wanted, it would make nearly everybody else uncomfortable.

AN EXCEPTION.

"No truly great man ever yet
Confessed 'I can't,' my lad,"
So sagely spake a father to his son.
The hopeful answered: "Don't forget
That little story, Dad,
You used to tell about George Washington."

Harry C. Baker.

TELL the world something it knows, and it will applaud your perspicacity; tell it something new, and it will doubt your veracity.

THE DYSPETIC'S definition of Christmas gifts: "The exchange of something you can't afford for something you don't want."

As a sure specific against all troubles of the stomach, and also as an appetizer, and for the preparation of the refined drinks of the bar, nothing is superior to BAKER'S BITTERS. Renowned since 1828.



Importer and Maker of

RICH FURS.

24 East 23d Street,
Madison Square, South,
NEW YORK.

Beautiful Holiday Gifts.

Cravats and Collarettes in Stone Marten, Mink, Japanese and Russian Sables, richly trimmed with full tail cascades. Short Capes with square or circular yokes in Chinchilla, Persian, Broadtail, Lofka, Mandarin Lamb, Seal and Imperial Ermine. Coats, Jackets and Long Capes for Street or Carriage wear in Seal skin, Labrador Mink, Persian Lamb and Sables.

SPECIAL IMPORTATIONS.

Cloth Driving Coats, fur-lined and trimmed, and a number of very handsome Cloaks and Wraps for carriage and the opera.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

Skins and Trimmings for Tailors and Makers of Robes et Manteaux.

A GOOD MANY people cast their bread upon the waters, and then go the next day and try to fish it out.

NEXT IN merit to the cheerful giver is the man who grows and contributes.

Boys will be boys, and girls would be if they could.



THE PRACTICAL man laughs at the theorist of to-day and carries out the plans of the theorist of yesterday.

THE MIRROR tells the truth, but vanity misunderstands the message.

THERE is hope for the man who knows he is prejudiced.

FOR CONVALESCENTS NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA ETC.

RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS

PREPARED BY

S. LIEBMAN'S SON'S BREWING CO. BROOKLYN N.Y.

TEUTONIC

A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT

of Malt & Hops

A Valuable Substitute For Solid Food AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

CYCLE SEAT.

LOOK!

Patented. that tilts in perfect harmony. It is in two sections. It is the only seat that facts and dangers of riding and entirely relieves Grover, Grand Rapids, Mich.—"After practical experience with your saddle I give it the highest endorsement. It is the only common-sense saddle that I have seen, it entirely relieves the sensitive parts." Dr. J. H. Miller, Penn. Ill.—"The old style saddle is very harmful to riders from its pressure on the prostate glands, which is entirely avoided by our Automatic Bicycle Seat. It increases speed and endurance. Fits any make of wheel. Is cool and comfortable. You will know the same of comfort if you try one. Ask your dealer in cycle goods to show it. Circular free. Address AUTOMATIC CYCLE SEAT CO., 412 Road Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Praises of

SOZODONT

Have Been Sung For
Over Half a Century

Arnold
Constable & Co.
Men's Woolens.

English, Irish and Scotch Suitings,
English Trouserings, Home-
spuns, Overcoatings.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

IT IS A FACT that one cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap outlasts two of any other kind; thus it's cheaper, as well as very much better.

PUCK'S
OPPER BOOK

30c. each.

By mail, 35c.

Both by F. B. OPFER.

URBANA
WINE COMPANY
Gold Seal
Champagne

For Sale by
All Leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers

Address the Company: URBANA, N. Y.

THIS
FUNNY WORLD

HANKS.

ASSORTED YARNS FROM "PUCK."

By "PUCK'S" AUTHORS.

ILLUSTRATED BY "PUCK'S" ARTISTS.

In Paper, 50 Cents.

In Cloth, \$1.00.

NOBODY can afford to miss the short stories H. C. Bunner is writing in PUCK. The series is called "Short Sixes," in allusion to the candles which are sold six to a pound, I believe. They are full of delicate humor, and the illustrations by Mr. Taylor are conceived and drawn in thorough sympathy with the text. Mr. Bunner's stories always have had much to recommend them, but these trifles in size are treasures in literary art. Because they are true to nature, and to what is most pleasant in human nature, they will delight all sorts and conditions of readers. — *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

SHORT SIXES. STORIES TO BE READ WHILE THE CANDLE BURNS.

By H. C. BUNNER, Editor of "PUCK."

Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR, F. OPPER, and S. B. GRIFFIN.

150 pp. 16mo. PAPER, 50 CENTS. IN BOARDS, \$1.00.

HALF-TRUE TALES.

STORIES FOUNDED ON FICTION.

By C. H. AUGUR.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. TAYLOR.

In Paper, 50 Cents.

In Cloth, \$1.00.



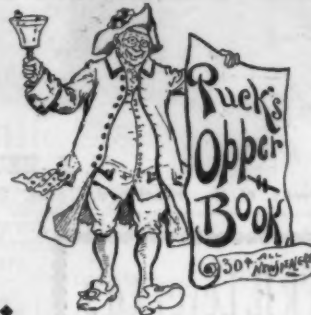
IN THE "400" AND OUT.

By C. J. TAYLOR.

A Collection of Clever Drawings and Witty Dialogues Carefully Selected from PUCK. Printed on heavy plate paper, and bound in board covers with cloth back.

Price, — \$1.00.

PUCK'S OPPER BOOK is a pamphlet of humor issued from the office of PUCK. Mr. Frederick Oppen is one of the very few genuinely comic artists in this country, and of this limited number he is probably the funniest. His pictures are funny enough to make a laugh come without the aid of letter-press. These drawings, reprinted from PUCK, form a handsome album of some of the drollest ideas that have flowed from Mr. Oppen's pencil during the past ten years, and the person who pays thirty cents for the "Book" will easily get his money's worth. — *Norristown Herald*.
30 Cents. By Mail, 35 Cents. Address: PUCK, New York.



THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories.

By H. C. BUNNER.

Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

In Paper, 50 Cents. In Cloth, \$1.00.

The experiences of Paul Brown and his wife, who escape a tame, adventureless life, with a view of having "things happen to them," and to this end leave a pleasant home to be gone a year and a day, are just the reading for a Summer's afternoon, and there is still enough of Summer in the air to make it enjoyable to its fullest. How the Browns fell in with a band of barn-storming professionals; how they became tin peddlers; how they took charge of a lone hotel, and how they finally and gladly reached their trim cottage, is told in these clever and amusing pages, and will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.



This Funny World

AS PUCK SEES IT.

64 Pages of Pictures in Colors and Black-and-White, By Fred. B. OPPER.

This world thinks it's a solid world, a serious old planet, And thinks the universe stands round in wonderment to scan it — It thinks it is a solemn thing, a thing extremely solemn, And never dreams its polar hub is but a funny column — And that's the reason I am here to hold the glass up to it, And show it how ridiculous it's been and never knew it — And while I hold my mirror up, I'm willing to bet money, This funny, funny, funny world will know that it is funny. Puck.

30 cents. All Dealers. By Mail, 35 cents.

Address: PUCK, N. Y.

Do you want to laugh? To laugh real hard? Very, very hard? Hard enough to cure that attack of indigestion?

Well, you want to purchase, right away, "This Funny World, as PUCK Sees It," which consists of pictures in colors and black-and-white, by Frederick Oppen. Not only is there fun in the pictures and the text, but there are sly hits innumerable, and chunks of sugar-coated wisdom which are easily digested. — *Boston Times*.

MADE IN FRANCE

FRENCH TALES BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT RETOLD WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.

By H. C. BUNNER, Editor of "PUCK."

Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

In Paper, 50 Cents. In Cloth, \$1.00.

Nine out of ten of his readers would find Guy de Maupassant less amusing than Bunner. — *S. F. Chronicle*.

In the preface to "Made in France," H. C. Bunner has expressed a regret that Guy de Maupassant, that brilliant and melancholy Frenchman, has never been satisfactorily and creditably translated. Mr. Bunner's object in writing this book is to give some of De Maupassant's stories to American readers. They are not translations, they are simply "Americanized." Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are all well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. Those who can not read the Frenchman in the original can have the benefit of some of his brightest inventions in the little book "Made in France." — *Detroit Free Press*.



MORE "SHORT SIXES."

By H. C. BUNNER.

Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

Mr. Bunner comes out with "More Short Sixes." The issue is thoroughly dainty, from the queer little silhouette medallion of Mr. Bunner in front to the last page with its adorned head-line.

The ten short stories are all readable.

Perhaps "Mr. Wick's Aunt" is as good as anything in this issue. The aunt in question is an infant of six months, who, by some arrangement concerned with a legacy, is saddled upon Mr. Wick and his bride. The young couple go to a country house in a small, prim, obtuse village, and an idea of the volcanic commotion they created may be gleaned from a couple of extracts. Mr. Beebe, of the village, accosts the nurse as she gets lost on the platform:

"How old will that young 'un be?"

"Six months, sorr," replied the nurse; "gahn on seven."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Beebe, with polite

(What the Boston Times says of MORE "Short Sixes.")

Readers of PUCK know H. C. Bunner; those who are so unfortunate as not to read that lively journal have had other chances to become acquainted with this interesting writer. His other book was "Short Sixes." Here we simply have "more" of them. To describe his stories and his own peculiar style is impossible. They are quaint and amusing, yet never silly. You smile over their delicious absurdities perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny," and then turn about to kick yourself for being foolish. Each one seems more amusing than the other, and whether it be "The Cumbersome Horse," "Mr. Egg's Wage of Sin," "The Man with the Pink Pants," or "Samantha Boom-de-ay," you sit and quietly enjoy yourself over its amusing incidents.

affection of interest. "Folks been long married?"

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

"Which?" inquired Mr. Beebe.

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

And also the remark the station agent overhears at the same time. As the young couple pass he hears Mrs. Wick say to her husband:

"Winkleman, dear, I don't care what her age is, you must spank your aunt."

"My Dear Mrs. Billington" is a breezy, up-to-date tale of how a daring and determined young man wins his love.

Mr. Bunner is nothing if not original. C. J. Taylor illustrates the book.

— *Chicago Daily News*.

In Paper, 50c. In Cloth, \$1.00.



MAVERICKS.

SHORT STORIES ROUNDED UP

By "PUCK'S" AUTHORS.

ILLUSTRATED BY "PUCK'S" ARTISTS.

In Paper, 50 Cents.

In Cloth, \$1.00.

ZIGZAG TALES.

By H. L. WILSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. TAYLOR.

In Paper, 50 Cents. In Cloth, \$1.00.

"Modern to the very latest minute." — *San Francisco Argonaut*.

ANY ONE OF THE ABOVE MAILED ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. ADDRESS: "PUCK," NEW YORK.

Torturing Disfiguring SKIN DISEASES Instantly RELIEVED by **CUTICURA** the GREAT SKIN CURE

Sold throughout the world. British
depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King
Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG
& CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

IT DID NOT WORK.
BUSY MAN.—Well, what is it?
BOOK AGENT.—I have here a valuable work
which—
BUSY MAN.—You can't work me. Good day!

HIS OBJECTION.
PAPA.—Confound it! I wish they would n't
give Willy these mechanical toys!
MAMA.—Why not?
PAPA.—I'll have to spend all my spare time
showing him why they don't work.

EVIDENCE.
CLARA.—Is the oculist you mention really so
bad?
MAUDE.—Yes, indeed. Why I have recom-
mended my chaperon to him!

MERELY ORNAMENTAL.
SHE.—What a useful man Mr. Dolittle is!
He's always as busy as a bee.
HIS RIVAL.—Yes, and as useful as the "b"
in subtle.

Just the thing for a Christmas Present Any lady will appreciate such a useful and beautiful gift as our "Scovill's Gold"



Puff Box and a box of Pozzoni's Celebrated Complexion Powder

Pozzoni's is the ideal complexion powder—beautifying, refreshing, cleanly,
healthful and harmless.
Both at your druggists or fancy goods dealers—50c. or mailed on receipt
of price. Address J. A. POZZONI PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



"Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoe

"FITS AND FEELS LIKE A GLOVE"

Seamless at sides. Flexible cor-
rugated soles. Pratt Lace Fasteners. Men's
—Ladies'—all sizes—all widths. Black
\$3.00; Tan \$3.50. Sold by all Shoe
and Sporting Goods dealers.



This Trade-Mark on Heel
If your dealer has none in stock, a pair
will be sent prepaid on receipt of price. Booklet
free.

C. H. Fargo & Co. (Mfrs.)
CHICAGO

PUCK'S DOMESTIC COMEDIES. 56 Pages (PUCK Size). By F. M. HOWARTH. 25 Cents. By Mail, 30 Cents.

AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND X-MAS PRESENT For Everybody.

PUCK one year to any address in the
United States, Canada and Mexico,
and our beautiful

X-mas Card for \$5.00.

Address: PUCK, New York.



SAME THING.

Mrs. O'Dowd.—Arrah, in Oirland poor
people can kape a pig to help pay the rent—
but phwt can ye do in this country?
Mrs. McSHANE (who does so).—Sure, ye
can kape a bordher!

For a morning nip a bottle of Cook's Extra Dry
Imperial Champagne is the thing. It will make a
winner of you.

Sick stomach from holiday stuffing
Promptly relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

No line in the world equals the New
York Central in the comfort and speed
of its trains and the beauty and variety
of its scenery.

In the opinion of a prominent Eng-
lish expert, the New York Central pos-
sesses the most perfect system of block
signals in the world.

8 1/4 hours, New York to Buffalo; 9 1/4
hours, New York to Niagara Falls; 24
hours, New York to Chicago; 21 1/4
hours, New York to Cincinnati; 29 1/4
hours, New York to St. Louis, via the
New York Central.

The most comfortable route to St.
Louis is the New York Central.

The best line to Cincinnati is the New
York Central, through Buffalo and
Cleveland.

The direct line to Niagara Falls is
the New York Central.

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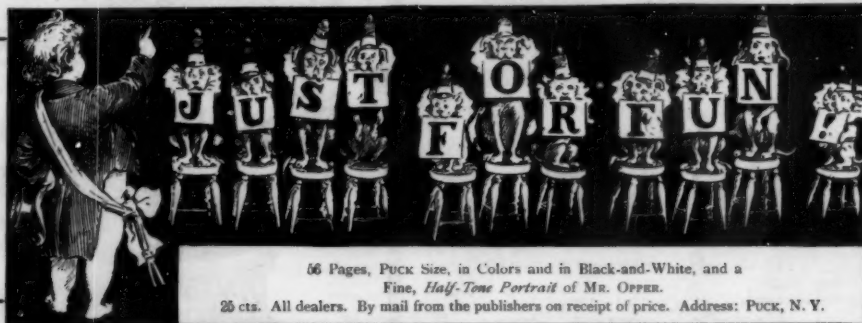
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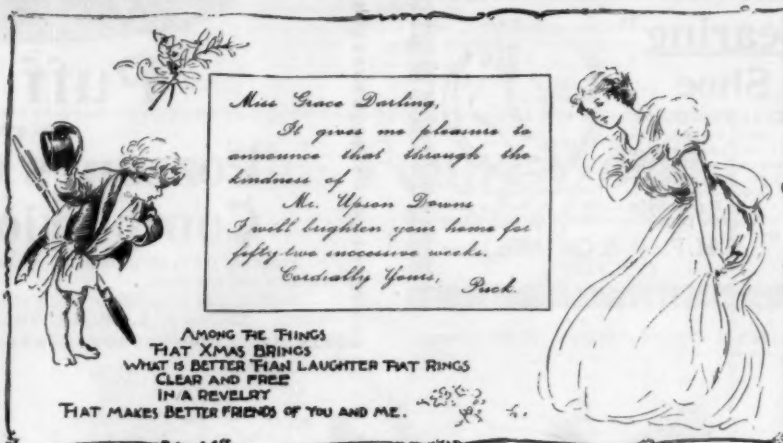


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